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Poems

Charles James

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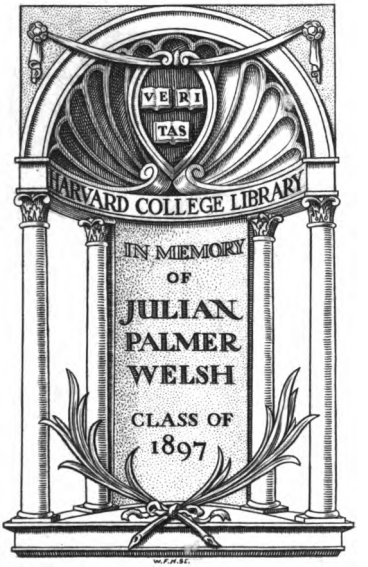
Petrarch

Jane Reid



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Petrarch.

In vain the Laurel, with encircling bough,
Twines its triumphant honours round my brow,
Or Rome re-echoes to my boasted name:
If Laura's absent what is Petrarch's fame?
How lost – how fruitless are its charms to me,
Whose only comfort is to gaze on Thee!

Petrarch to Laura.

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POEMS,

BY

CHARLES JAMES,

AUTHOR OF THE MILITARY DICTIONARY, REGIMENTAL COMPANION, &c. &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

THIRD EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS.

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Ovidius.

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ERRATA.

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DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

FOR VOL. II.

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SUICIDE REJECTED.

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PREFACE.

Hope humbly then, on trembling pinion soar,
Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore.

POPE.

ALTHOUGH the following sheets may very possibly fall under the censure of criticism, nevertheless the Editor has the consolation to hope, that the keenness of animadversion will, in some degree, be blunted by the charitable motive which has brought them before the Publick.

The Dedication is a well-merited testimony to an uncommon example of philanthropy, and will consequently plead, not only for its own imperfections but likewise for those of the Elegy. Nor will the friends of the pious and respectable Author of the Epistle against Suicide (which may truly be called the bulwark of the whole) feel offended at the liberty which has been taken with his suggestions. The manuscript has been for some years in the Editor's possession; and no care has been refused, on the present occasion, to preserve it as clear as possible from typographical errours. In the melancholy progress of the crime of Suicide, the authority and energetic reasoning of Dr. JAMES FORDYCE may reasonably be expected to produce some of those happy ef-

 fects,

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fects, which every moral and religious man will wish and pray for. The insensibility which must necessarily spread over those minds that can reconcile themselves to self-destruction, ought to encourage educated and experienced persons to offer all the arguments against it that genius may dictate and judgment strengthen.

Upon these grounds, and from these motives only, the Editor has not scrupled to take a liberty, which he sincerely hopes will neither be misconstrued by the Publick at large, nor be unfavourably viewed by the friends and relatives of that enlightened writer. The example which is afforded by the object* of the Dedication is such as the rich ought to imitate; and the subject matter of the Work presents to the unfortunate those solid consolations, which the most consummate misery should collect and cherish.

May 10, 1797.

* Lady James.

TO

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TO

LADY JAMES,

ON HER BENEVOLENT AND HUMANE CONDUCT TOWARDS THE DAUGHTER AND GRAND-CHILDREN OF THE LATE UNFORTUNATE

COLONEL FREDERICK.

THOU, in whose heart the wretched find relief;
Whose first ambition is to soften grief,
The mournful relics of despair to bless,
And stand a second parent to distress:
Say, shall the Muse to FRED'RICK's tomb repair,
And speak the record of thy goodness there;
Soothe his departed ghost, and blunt the dart
That Time may sharpen for Affliction's heart?
There shall she breathe Instruction's pious lay,
And chase the gloom of Wretchedness away:
There shall she teach Calamity to wait,
With humble patience, for a better state;
To sit undaunted in the midst of woes,
And by submission to deserve repose.

On Hope's firm pinion Resignation flies,
And springs triumphant from its tears and sighs;
Like the fond stranger that is guided home,
Warm Faith anticipates a world to come;

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Grasps at Hereafter with enraptur'd eye,
And dying shews the living how to die.
For still Religion pours her ready balm,
The wak'ning anguish of that heart to calm,
Which more than common wretchedness assails,
And in the struggle of its torture fails;
Yields to calamities that soon must cease,
And rashly meditates a self-release.
Unkind attempt, whilst Heav'n in secret holds
Perennial blessings, and the dawn unfolds
Of purest day, to sink in deepest night
The friendly promise of eternal light!
What if in short-liv'd agonies of woe
The brightest current of our lives must flow;
What if the dearest of our friends must part,
And anguish rend each fibre of the heart;
Does not kind Reason whisper to the breast,
That all will meet in everlasting rest?
Does not endearing Sympathy step forth
To soothe the sorrows of deserted Worth?
Ask yon sad Orphans,* on whose weeping eyes
The cheering beams of ANNA's goodness rise,
If Heav'n provide not, in its wide embrace,
For all the miseries of human race?

Then cease to murmur, drop all mortal grief,
And from Hereafter snatch a firm relief.
If want oppress thee, know that millions groan
Beneath distress far heavier than thy own.

* Colonel Frederick's grand-children.

E'en

E'en thou, poor FRED'RICK, on whose madd'ning brain
Rose the proud fiend of unrelenting Pain,
Had Reason govern'd, wouldst have liv'd to see
Woes more acute than ever tortur'd thee.

But hark!——in wretchedness of pain, I hear
From yonder aisle some gliding ghost draw near.
FRED'RICK! from thee the mournful story flows
Of virtue conquer'd by encourag'd woes.
Ascendant Grief thy better Reason sway'd,
And black Despair a ready victim made.
Run was thy course, the last spare sands of life*
Were swiftly dropping from an age of strife;
The friendly grave already seem'd to spread,
For all thy griefs to vanish with the dead.
Yet spite of Nature—in Religion's spite—
Impatient rashness plung'd thee into night.
" Ah me!" the waken'd echoes murmur round,
" Ah me! if mercy can in Heav'n be found
" For one who dares to stain the blest abode,
" And rush in bleeding madness to his God,
" Oh be that mercy mine!——

Ill-fated man, the Moralist replies,
Earth's keenest sorrow like a vision flies;
But Heav'n unchéquer'd happiness displays
In solid permanence of endless days.

* Colonel Frederick was upwards of seventy when he shot himself under the walls of Westminster Abbey.

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Trust then to Him, within whose boundless eye
All human nature and its wishes lie;
Who warns the strongest, and the weakest cheers,
In awful hope to tread this vale of tears:
And when Reflection points thee to the gloom
Where black Despair anticipates the tomb,
Let ANNA's charity shew Virtue's will,
And prove Omnipotence all goodness still.

A LETTER

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A

LETTER ON SUICIDE,

TO A FRIEND

WHO MEDITATED THAT DREADFUL CRIME.

BY

THE LATE REV. DR. J. FORDYCE,

AUTHOR OF SEVERAL MORAL AND

PIOUS TRACTS, &c.

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A LETTER ON SUICIDE.

SIR,

IT happened many years ago, that on my return, one night, from the City to my chambers in the Temple, where I then lived, I was met by an intimate acquaintance, whom I had not seen for some time. Seizing my hand with apparent eagerness and perturbation, he led me under a gate-way, burst into tears, and told me, that as he found himself despised by every body, and shunned by those who had been formerly attached to him, he was weary of life, and determined to quit it. I was equally shocked and surprised at such language; having never observed in him the least tendency to melancholy, but on the contrary always thought him of a temper uncommonly easy and cheerful. When I had recovered myself a little, I endeavoured to soothe him by the sincerest expressions of my regard for his merit, and the strongest assurances of what was perfectly true—that the public continued to esteem him as he deserved; that his friends, many of whom I personally knew, entertained the same kindness for him as ever; and that he still possessed the means of being both respected and independent, if he would exert his

 abilities,

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abilities, and not give way to low spirits. I then pressed him to go home with me, and drink some wine, where he would have an opportunity of opening his mind without restraint, or fear of interruption. He thanked me, but excused himself by saying, that he must attend a club that expected him, and met chiefly for the purpose of talking on the subject of Suicide, and getting drunk to drown their cares. After testifying the deepest concern, that a man of his excellent understanding should appear thus desperately bent on his own destruction, I asked whether he had intimated his design to any other person whose judgment he valued? He answered, that he had to a common friend, whom he named, and who had attempted to dissuade him on the score of his duty to Society; but that, as he had no family or relations to interest him more nearly, he was not convinced by an argument so little connected with his present feelings. He added, with an air and voice of great earnestness, that he believed in Christianity; and would lay aside his intention, if I would satisfy him that it was inconsistent with the precepts of the Gospel. I readily replied, that I did not doubt of being able to give him the satisfaction he wished; that he might rely on hearing from me soon; and that I should depend on his being guilty of nothing rash in the mean while. He gave me his promise, and we parted. I slept very little or none that night, from extreme anxiety and disquietude upon his account: but though much indisposed the next morning, I sent a long letter to him; of which I now transmit the copy from one I took in short hand, to save time,

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time, for fear of delay. I received no answer for several days; which appeared of course, a tedious interval. At last, however, he relieved me, by writing at considerable length, and acknowledging the force of what I had advanced; but desiring some further explanation, which I sent him immediately, with the best advice I could, respecting his health, his company, and his future conduct. Soon after, I had the pleasure of seeing him restored to his usual vivacity; when he returned to his former pursuits, in which he continued some years, till he was cut off by a fever.

The letter was as follows:

DEAR SIR,

YOU have destroyed my tranquillity, and taken away my sleep. You have harrowed up my very soul. I mean not however to reproach you, but to admonish, *convince*, and comfort you; being one of many who take an interest in your life and welfare. In the name of humanity, friendship, religion; in the name of all that is amiable and sacred among men; I conjure you to reflect calmly and seriously on what I am going to say. If it does not appear satisfactory, tell me frankly; and I will strain every faculty to set your mind at ease.

You profess to believe in Christianity. I *believe in it also*, on the clearest conviction, and the fullest enquiry after

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after its evidences. I agree most willingly to argue with you on that ground. It is a ground no less broad than *firm*; presupposing natural religion, and comprehending every moral obligation, with all the best principles of a sublime philosophy.

You have signified, that you cannot discover in the Christian system any thing *against* the practice of suicide; but you will not pretend, that you have *there* discovered any thing *for it*. Yet surely, my friend, in a step of such dreadful import; in a step that cannot be taken a *second* time; that *irrevocably* ends your *present* mode of being, with every possibility of usefulness or improvement; and leads irreversibly to a state of eternal existence, in which you will allow, that your happiness must depend on the Divine approbation; you ought to proceed on no less a security than a divine *warrant*—that is to say, either a direct command, or an express permission, to lay violent hands upon yourself whenever you are tired of living. But you will not say that you have found any such command or permission in Scripture. If, when life became a burden, the Author of life had given leave to shake it off, some intimation to that purpose would doubtless have been conveyed: some allowance, at *least*, would have been hinted in a Declaration of his Will, to prevent in his worshippers the horrours of despair, or the struggles of uncertainty, under circumstances that required relief or consolation. But in fact there is none; not a single word of this kind; not the smallest insinuation in its favour.

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favour. In the unhappy number of self-murderers, there have been those, in the midst of that despondence which overwhelmed them, that still retained such a sense of reverence for the Deity, as tore their minds in pieces, between the terrour of incurring his wrath by obtruding *unsummoned* on his dread tribunal on the one hand, and the desire of deliverance from their present misery on the other; though the latter prevailed, from some grievous defect in the first. But is it *probable*, that the Father of Mercies would have said nothing in his Word tending to alleviate their anguish, if not *wholly* to relieve their perplexity, had self-destruction been *not* inconsistent with his will? Is it *probable*, that a Being of infinite perfection would point out the path of salvation in the clearest manner, and in the most awful terms call upon them to pursue it with *steadfastness*, and yet, by a total silence on this article, leave them at liberty to suppose, that whenever any of them grew weary they might abandon it at pleasure, and arrive at the *same happiness* with those who persist in it to the last? If this supposition could be true, where would be his rectitude, his benevolence? In short, did self-murder lead to the same end as self-resignation; were honour, glory, and immortality, alike the reward of him who refused to wait for them by a patient continuance in well-doing, and of him who sought them by a persevering piety, what must we think of the government of God, or of those distinctions between right and wrong, obedience and disobedience, which he has established, and which conscience has from the beginning been taught to recognise

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nise as essential, sacred, and invariable? Could *that* deserve the name of a Revelation of Heaven, which *thus* trifled with the virtue, the comfort, and the souls of men?

If you say that so strict a silence on this head was observed for the sake of society, you *then* admit that society has a claim on your life, in the estimation of your Maker: and then I ask you, where is *your* regard for that claim, or of his intention, if you deprive the world of a valuable member in your own person, by your latest act in an instance so striking, so notorious? You embolden others to do the same. Plead not that you are no longer a valuable member of the community: your good qualities and admirable talents are to this hour loved and respected by every one who knows you. But setting this aside, there is no man who may not, while he retains the exercise of his reason, render himself in some shape or other useful to those about him, by his advice, or his conversation, or his sympathy, or his prayers; or the example of his passive virtues, if he be not capable of active service; or of presenting, at the lowest reckoning, no common spectacle to mankind, a modest and a grateful object of kindness, or of charity. He, Sir, who by despondence, arising from his disappointments, either real or imaginary, is driven to act as if he did not think himself worth living, may *seem* to be influenced by an excess of humility; but at bottom it is the effect of pride, in finding that he has not succeeded as he hoped, or that he cannot figure as he wished. It

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is mere peevishness and spleen; nor will you say that these have any connection with piety, benevolence, or elevation of soul.

As to the last quality, so much affected, but so little known among the impatient and the proud, he that would shew true spirit, will in the most depressed condition remember, that he is a rational and immortal creature of God; and, *as such*, possessed of an intrinsic dignity, which he can never forfeit but by mean passions, or bad behaviour. If any one shall say, that he is so ashamed of his conduct, on some particular occasion, as to be unable to look the world in the face, or support the infamy he has incurred (a case, by the way, which *you*, Sir, have nothing to do with), this man certainly can have no just pretence to the character of a Believer; for, if he really were one, he would feel much more confusion at the thought of having drawn on himself the displeasure of the Almighty, than the reproaches of mankind; nor would he venture at further offending the Great Eternal, by rushing into his presence, in order to escape the censure of mortals. Penitence would be his first care, that he might obtain forgiveness from God; while he hoped that his future deportment might restore him to favour with men, or at least engage their commiseration and forbearance.

If faith, considered as a principle of action, has any solidity or meaning, its influence can be nothing less than this; that when one is conscious of having offended his

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his Creator, he shall, on reflection, repent and *amend*, instead of going on to sin beyond the *power* of returning to the right road.—Why? Because he is persuaded, that a state of reconciliation with the Supreme is preferable to all other interests, and that his displeasure is the greatest of all possible evils. The man who, in matters of the highest concern to religion, society, and self-government, is not thus disposed, may *call* himself a Believer, but assuredly he is *not one* in the genuine sense of the term; since he rests in fruitless speculation and empty talk.

You see, my dear Sir, that I am, according to my promise, arguing with you as a Christian. From what I have said, it is evident that neither the tenour nor the spirit of the Gospel affords the least shadow of encouragement or allowance to suicide. I will afterwards shew you, that its whole tenour and spirit are in direct opposition to such a practice. Meantime you will not, I presume, plead for it upon Scripture examples. Saul and Judas were both of them men lost to integrity, and forsaken of God. Achitophel was a profligate and disappointed politician: and without entering into Sampson's moral character, (a point of view in which he is certainly *not* held up to imitation,) it is plain, that his case was altogether singular, unless you compare it with those ancient heroes who suffered death to serve their country; a motive by which our modern suicides are far enough from pretending to be actuated. What is their country to them, who prefer their own imaginary ease

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case to all other objects, more or less publick? But if brave men have been generally admired for exposing themselves, to at least *probable* death, by mounting a breach, or conducting a fire-ship into the midst of the enemy's fleet, might not Sampson, the judge and defender of Israel, be vindicated from the charge of self-murder, in devoting his life to the destruction of those who sought the ruin of his countrymen and brethren? Some indeed have thought that he was urged on by the secret influence of Him who is the arbiter of life and death, and who, it is evident from the history, granted his prayer for renewed strength on that extraordinary occasion; which they suppose would not have happened, had not the action in question been agreeable to the Almighty, who chose in this manner to punish a set of barbarous idolaters, and promote the deliverance of his people and worshippers. In either case the example cannot, with justice, or safety, be drawn into a precedent, under circumstances in no respect similar.

Here, then, so far as the authority of inspiration goes, (that authority which you, my dear Sir, declare you reverence,) it is manifest you risque eternal consequences, by trusting them on a system uncertain and *undecided* at the very *best*. And would a *wise man* do this? Should you be mistaken: and on your own principles you must acknowledge that you may. I shudder at the reflection! —No place for repentance! No ground of hope—*none* that we know of, from any discovery or information communicated to us by the Ruler of the Universe, or by any person

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person deputed from Him to state the terms of salvation. But of a blessed immortality you may as a Christian be secure, if you will, by a persevering conformity to those terms. And what shall we say of him who hazards being undone beyond recovery, when he may be happy without *peradventure*?

But still you will contend that Christianity contains nothing against suicide. Surely you have forgotten these words of our Saviour, "Thou shalt do no murder."—The prohibition is universal; but the principle is the same, as it regards our neighbour, and as it regards ourselves. We must not destroy the workmanship, or deface the image of God in either.* It is this image of his making that confers on men a *peculiar* dignity, by which they are distinguished above all his other creatures here below; and to preserve it from violation, as far as is compatible with human freedom, (the source of *human virtues*,) he has planted round the crime of murder *peculiar* and unequalled horrours. It seems indeed impossible to account for these on any lower principle; and I must repeat it, as a matter of high consideration in the present argument, that this divine similitude is not less violated and defaced by him who takes his own life wilfully and advisedly, than by him who takes the life of another, except in self-defence, or in what he is taught to regard as just war, or when he is warranted by the express authority of the laws.

* Genesis, chap. ix. ver. 6.

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In fact, if the principle now stated be set aside, it were easy to conceive circumstances in which taking the life of another would be an inferiour crime to that of taking our own. By taking the life of a good man, unconnected with a family, and ruined in his affairs by losses that seemed irreparable, you might do him a service. But suppose a friend of yours should desire you to dismiss him, not having resolution to dismiss himself; would you think that you were warranted to comply with his request? Would you not be guilty of murder if you did, how kind soever your intentions might be? If from the same motive you, Sir, weary of the world too, should become your own executioner, would you not, by a parity of reason, be guilty of the same crime? with this difference—that in removing him from all his sorrows, in the midst of all his virtues, you sent him sooner to receive his reward; but by dispatching yourself you would, at the very *least*, run the dreadful hazard already explained.

Take the point in another light. He that destroys himself directly transgresses the great rule which our master has laid down for our love of others: "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." As he, therefore, who kills his neighbour, except in the cases before specified, commits murder; so he does the same who kills *himself*, if not frantic or delirious—an exception which all admit in the subject under consideration. On *one* account, indeed, the last crime, committed by a man with his senses about him, must be the greater of the

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the two; because it is not required, and cannot be expected, in general, that a man should love another with the same zeal or ardour as himself, though he *ought* and *may* with the same sincerity and truth.

Thus then it appears that the system of suicide is confuted by an express and solemn prohibition of the Gospel. But suppose you should not, in the present gloom and bias of your mind, otherwise so clear and impartial, agree to the comment I have just offered, natural and obvious as it seems; I will proceed to shew you, that the desperate deed you are meditating is utterly repugnant to the whole tenour, scope and spirit of Christianity. I say then that Christianity may be defined, in so many words, as the doctrine of self-denial and self-surrender, of humble faith and uniform obedience, with a constant view to a state of future and universal retribution. "If any man," says our divine master, "will be my disciple, let him deny himself, take up his cross, and follow me." Can he, then, be a disciple of Christ, who will not endure life because it is disagreeable? who will not submit to disappointment, though it is the will of God? is resolved *not* to imitate the pattern of our Saviour, who overcame by submission and perseverance, in doing and suffering that *will*, how painful soever to the feelings of nature? Having described a scene of extraordinary trial, that should involve his followers after his departure, he tells them, "that *he who endures to the end* shall be saved." What then shall become of him who does *not* endure to the end? though

though his distress in comparison (if *any* has really befallen him) scarce deserves the name. Our Lord adds, "When they persecute you in one city, flee to another." What are we then to think of him, who, without any persecution to harass or alarm him, flees from existence.

Give me leave, Sir, to remind you here, that whatever your difficulties may *have been*, they *are* now *none* at all; or so inconsiderable, that a very small degree of resolution may easily surmount them. Under so light a pressure, to put forth your hand against yourself were not bravery, but cowardice in the *extreme*. However such an act by half-thinking people may be deemed resolute or daring, it can in no case be a proof of a courage equal to *that* of supporting calamity with patience: the one being merely a momentary exertion in a state of despair; the other, a calm and continued exercise of fortitude becoming a man, and of pious resignation worthy a Christian.

Of the Apostolical injunctions on this subject, the following are a few amongst innumerable others to the same purpose: "Let us run with patience the race that is set before us."—"Be patient unto the coming of the Lord."—"Let patience have her perfect work." And shall *you*, Sir, professing a respect for the authority of that book, which contains precepts like these, determine to stop in the *middle* of your course, refuse to wait the order of Providence, and, instead of aspiring to perfection, sink down into imbecility? God forbid! It were flatly to oppose the very intention of your coming into the

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the world as a state of discipline and probation for a better; the only light in which the present life can be considered, so as to account rationally for its appearances and events.

Let me now call upon you to contemplate the behaviour of those who learnt Christ's religion from Christ himself. Do you find any one of these attempting either to prevent or escape the most formidable sufferings in the way you think of? On the contrary, by having respect to the recompence of reward, those exalted men esteemed the heaviest afflictions that could befal them comparatively light. St. Paul, indeed, after he had done and ventured much for the cause of faith, expressed a desire to depart and to be with his Master; but he was too pious to repine, too brave to abandon his post, and too benevolent not to continue a career which furnished him with so many opportunities of usefulness. And if you look into the Old Testament, what think you of Job? who, under such an accumulation of sudden and peculiar woes, as extorted from him at times the bitterest complaints, would yet say: "*All my appointed time will I wait, till my change come.*"

With the injunctions and patterns of Scripture its promises are of a piece. "Ye shall reap in due season, if ye faint not."—"Behold the husbandman waits for the precious fruit of the earth, and has long patience for it: be ye also *patient*, and establish your hearts, for the coming of the Lord draweth near."—"If ye are faithful

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ful unto the death, ye shall inherit a crown of life." But what can they expect, who will not comply with a condition so reasonable? Are they fit to wear the crown who would not embrace the cross, but dashed it from them with desperation or disdain? Can it be hoped, that the Ruler of the Universe will depart from his declared plan of government, or reverse the constitution of things, for the sake of such as set themselves in direct opposition to its first law—the law of obedience?

Pray, Sir, consider the nature of that futurity, so far as it is revealed, on which you would risque with impatience. You are expressly told that it is nothing less than the "inheritance of the saints in light." But can you in good earnest believe, that self-destroyers, with minds all dark, discontented, wrought up to phrensy, unsanctified, unblest, are in a state of *preparation* for such society? are meet to be partakers of that pure and peaceful inheritance? are entitled by their submission or their temper to be numbered with the Saints in glory everlasting? How strange that men of sense should dream of happiness in any state without a disposition to enjoy it! Need you, my friend, to be reminded, that neither place nor situation, neither *this* world nor the *next*, can confer felicity on those who feel dissatisfied *within*? Suppose that, by putting an end to your present being, you elude its apprehended or incumbent evils, does it follow that you will *therefore* be happy in your future existence? Is it certain that you will not carry with you those secret apprehensions and disquie-

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tudes that seem to have taken possession of your fancy, and to haunt you like so many spectres? What ground have you from revelation, any more than from reason, to hope, that when divested of body you shall get rid of those fears and anxieties which have laid hold of your intellectual part; and shall acquire a set of new and pleasing sensations, instead of the horrid train with which you are now pursued? What, or who, I beseech you, is to produce so mighty and so sudden a change? Will the instrument that destroys your corporeal frame serve at the same time to heal your wounded spirit? Will the blood which you spill by self-violence wash away the stains of the soul? Will a consciousness of the rage with which you forced her into another state, "*with all her imperfections on her head,*" contribute to comfort her there?

Talk not of the mercy of God; which, every one that is *not* an infidel or a lunatic, must know, can only be obtained by that repentance, of which you preclude the very possibility by the crime in question; unless indeed you suppose, that repenting in another world will alter your condition there, notwithstanding the strongest declarations of Scripture to the contrary. But can you for a moment imagine, that obtruding yourself on the presence of your Maker is the way to render him propitious, or to procure his assistance towards your recovering a better mind? Or will you affirm, that, when he conferred the gifts of life, he conferred also such a power over it, that you might throw it from you whenever

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ever you pleased? As he sent you into existence without *your* leave, what right have you to pretend that you may quit it without *his*? It is a gift which you hold by his bounty, and which by a right improvement may become to you a source of infinite good; but *that* very improvement is the condition on which you hold it, nor may you with impunity neglect thus to use it. He doubtless has a claim to the tribute of your gratitude, for *that* which by diligence or by patience may be turned to your advantage. The unprofitable servant, who hid his master's talent in the earth, was not *excused* because he presumed to think him a hard master; but was consigned immediately to utter darkness.

Still you say that you have *faith*. But your faith shews itself by no *works*. It prompts no duty; it inspires no fortitude; it imparts no consolation; does nothing for the honour of God, or the benefit of man; or for any one purpose connected with your own reputation or emolument here;—and can you flatter yourself it will avail you hereafter? Tell me, Sir, how will you answer at the tribunal of Christ, as for every other offence, so for the indelible reproach that will be cast upon his religion by its enemies, when they hear that, with all your sense, knowledge, and native good-humour, the principles of Christianity, which you professed to venerate, were unable to inspirit or support you? Ah, my friend! how much more worthy of that religion, as well as your nature, education, and talents, would you

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shew yourself, by bearing with cheerfulness the rubs of life; by employing your faculties with vigour for the instruction of mankind, for the delight of your friends, and to convince even the worst men that piety alone is happiness below! In pursuing this path you would soon experience inexpressible satisfaction, and in *due time* you would end it with tranquillity and confidence. You would leave behind you an honourable name, and ensure beyond the danger of a mistake the joys and *triumphs* of immortality. Instead of—What?—But I dare not draw the contrast. It would shock too much my already oppressed and exhausted spirits. I will only add, that if you shall withstand *all* I have said from the kindest motives, and are *determined* to renounce whatever is manly, generous, noble, philosophical, Christian—and to make at once a desperate plunge in the dark—*I*, who am one of the many, who once loved and esteemed you, will from that hour deplore the cowardice, the rashness, and the impiety of your latter end. But no! I cannot persuade myself that you are become so completely selfish, so dead to the best feelings of *humanity*, as to be totally regardless of the horrour and anguish with which the striking catastrophe must overwhelm your friends.——

Having written thus far, with an aching head and a weary hand, I turned myself to the Parent of men; and, with tears of affection and sorrow, besought him to have mercy upon you, to irradiate your mind, restore your health,

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health, rectify your errors, revive your disconsolate heart, and give you the victory over yourself.

I can say no more, but that I am still your friend.

J. F.

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TO THE READER.

THE SUICIDE was originally written on a very melancholy occasion, and subsequently printed without an idea, on *my* part, that it could eventually be pernicious.

To the Public at large every author is indebted for the candour with which his labours are received; and although there may be a fashion in literature, as well as in every thing else, no man can seriously believe, that the affectation of genius, however plumed by partial judgment, will supersede good sense.

Experience, on the contrary, convinces us that the best performances have generally remained unnoticed, till time and the indefatigable interest of individuals have drawn them into public observation. This truth holds good in every transcript of human nature. Mere flights of imagination, tortured imagery, and strained conceits, like the boy of Dædalus, may attempt to rise beyond the level of general conception; but as

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mere fancy can never be productive of general utility, partial gratification soon dwindles into nothing, drops from its gilded perch, and yields to sober reason. Where the effusions of imagination and the exertions of judgment go hand in hand, morality has nothing to apprehend, religion to fear, or innocence to blush at.—The scintillations of the human intellect are certainly variable from the influence of manners: but the particles of understanding will through all ages be the same; issuing from one source, to which they finally must return. It is, therefore, materially necessary, that every man who ventures his opinion upon the irrevocable breath of promulgation, should warily consider the effects and consequences of it. The destruction of a fabric is not always brought about by Herculean strength. Incidents, the most minute, repeatedly effect what the most formidable exertions sometimes fail to accomplish: and if, in the policy of every well-regulated government, the combinations of subtlety and reason are more to be dreaded than avowed repugnance to social order; to the eye of moral wisdom, nothing can be more obnoxious than the dispersion of sentiments which may either ensnare the ignorant, or excite the wretched. Not that I have the presumption to imagine any part of the poem in question is so powerful, that the belief of the one could be shaken by its sophistry, or the resolution of the other be determined by its principles. Nevertheless, as the frailty of human nature readily coincides with every dictate of illusive sympathy, it essentially behoves the christian, and the man, to avoid even the possibility

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sibility of doing mischief. *Facilè credimus quod volumus.* I can only declare that, had not the first part of the Suicide been circulated among other productions, I would have cheerfully sacrificed the whole, rather than have hazarded the most distant allusion to Deism, or Infidelity.

The following extract, which I received some years ago from a lady,* not less respectable for her situation in life, than she was deservedly beloved and honoured for the liberality of her sentiments, is submitted to the Christian Moralist.

" I vegetate, I perceive, I think: I both commit and " suffer wrongs. I am sensible of my defects by the " inconveniences I feel from them, and of my du- " ties by the pleasure arising from the performance of " them. I observe and reflect upon every object by " which I am surrounded; I remark the contrariety in " every character, and find the same contradiction " in my own. I meditate, and say within myself, I ex- " ist, but how? from whom? by whom? At what pe- " riod did my existence commence? To what term will " it continue? Am I a free agent? On whom do I de- " pend? or to whom am I obliged for my happiness or " misery?

" I meditate deeply and repeatedly, and find nothing " which can lead me to suppose, that I was the author

* The late Mrs. Bosville, mother to William Bosville, Esq. of Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square.

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" of my own being, or that I possess any thing by my
" own power. As I am not the cause of my own exist-
" ence, consequently I owe that existence to a Supe-
" riour Being.

" The Supreme Being, whom we call God, has pro-
" vided for my preservation, and hath annexed happi-
" ness to the consciousness of existence; he hath be-
" stowed upon me faculties, and furnished me with
" means to preserve that existence. In this his wisdom
" and goodness appear, at least, equal to his power.
" Although I owe every thing to God, I can only make
" my acknowledgments to him proportionably to the
" means with which he has furnished me. My duty
" to him hath no other bounds than those with which
" he is pleased to limit my nature, the powers of my
" body, and the faculties of my soul. What can I
" give to him who has no need of any thing? I can
" only humble myself before him, and make his law
" my whole study.

" What I am is solely from him: this I am con-
" vinced of, both from the knowledge of myself, and
" of every other creature. I am bound to execute his
" will, by conforming to the order he hath established.
" This first duty is the foundation of every other, arises
" from a sentiment of love and gratitude, and it be-
" hoves me to acquit myself of it with the utmost zeal.
" It is my duty, in the first place, in obedience to him
" whose gift it is, to cherish the existence bestowed
" upon

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" upon me; *and by no means attempt putting an end to* " *my life.*

" It is likewise my duty, in the second place, to " make the best use of the faculties bestowed upon me, " and to use the best means with which I am furnished " to preserve every blessing bestowed upon me by my " Maker.

" Whatever I possess, I possess from God. If I have " a right in any thing, I enjoy that right from the " bounty of my Creator. To his dispensations I sub- " mit myself, and all that I call mine; he owed me " nothing, yet hath bestowed life upon me. He hath " an unlimited power over me, and a right to reclaim " any part of his own gifts. He may resume all his " gifts, but hath left me no right to complain."

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Lines written by Miss MARY YOUNG, *now Mrs.* SEWELL, *on reading* SUICIDE REJECTED, *and transmitted to the Author during his Residence in France*, 1792.

AS glowing Phœbus with his morning beam
Dispels the fiction of the midnight dream,
So heav'nly Truth with clear refulgent light,
Bursts through the gloom of intellectual night;
And pure with radiance from her native sky,
Bids the faint forms of cheerless errour fly.
Blest be that day, for ever blest the hour,
When Candour's breast confess'd her sacred pow'r,
The gen'rous Muse her triumphs shall impart,
Her noble off'ring is thy *conquer'd* heart!
Oh! may it ever own her righteous claim,
And blend the Christian's with the Poet's flame.
While servile bards their abject course pursue,
And Fashion gains the prize to Genius due;
While sordid int'rest shall her object chuse,
And make a pupil of the pliant Muse,
To praise, to blame, to trifle by design,
And smooth dissimulation's polish'd line;
While subtle Mischief with destructive pow'rs,
Adorns the precipice with tempting flow'rs,
Thine be the task to guide unthinking youth,
To scatter roses in the paths of Truth!
Thine be the task her maxims to imprint,
And paint her graces with the softest tint,

With

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With soothing care the tortur'd soul to calm,
And heal her wounds with Hope's delicious balm.
Since here Adversity the storm shall bring
To rend the plumage from her gaudy wing,
Can'st thou not teach her undismay'd to rise,
On Eagle-pinions to her native skies?
Approving Virtue shall herself prepare
Th' immortal wreath to recompense thy care;
Though Nature frown, serene shall be her light,
And beam resplendent " thro' a world of night."
With pride, with joy, shall Friendship now diffuse
The cordial wishes of th' unalter'd Muse.
Condemn'd to feel the pang of silent care,
Which rends the heart, but leaves its lesson there,
To MYRA's view, the rich, the proud, the gay,
And life's delusive trifles fade away.
Its golden prize, to Reason, seems enshrin'd
Within the casket of the cultur'd mind;
Best can it feel affection's glowing pow'r,
The soothing welcome, and the social hour!
May such be thine, the World can give no more,
Though knaves may promise, and though fools adore!
May such be thine, till calm reflection's ray
Shines on the ev'ning of thy golden day;
And oh! when death its sable curtain draws,
May Virtue find thee fervent in her cause.

M. Y.

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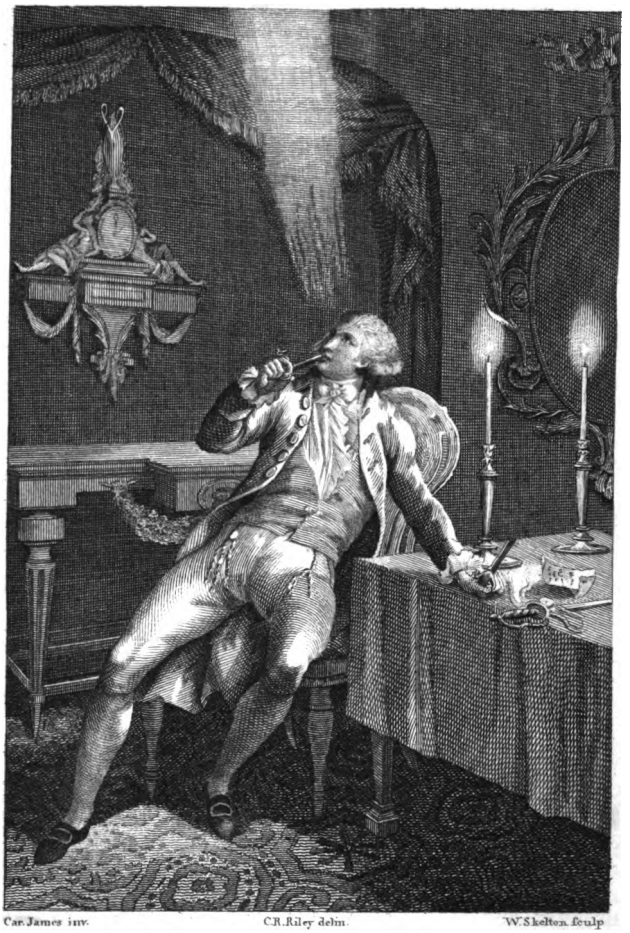

Car. James inv. C.R. Riley delin. W. Skelton. sculp.

Then come thou friendly weapon, in whose womb
Fate sits secure, and certain of its prey;
While Delia's image lights me to the tomb.
From Delia's charms thus rend each wish away.

Ah no! Eternity's profound abyss,
See from my grasp the deadly weapon falls:
From sleepless anguish into soothing bliss
An Angel beckons, and my Saviour calls.

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SUICIDE REJECTED.

O COME, thou friendly darkness of the night,
Black as my soul thy death-like horrour spread;
For death and darkness only can invite
The wretch whose wishes wander to the dead!

And come, ye pensive melancholy train
Of musing thought and contemplating grief;
Where Fancy, grown familiar with its pain,
Still loves to sigh, and sickens at relief:

If peerless wretchedness attract your care,
And woes, unutterably sad, have weight,
Come to this mournful mansion of Despair,
And view the victim of unalter'd fate.

The glimm'ring beam is wav'ring round its wick,
And silence fills the solitary gloom;
Save yonder clock, that's slowly heard to click,
And points reflecting Reason to the tomb:

Save yonder clock, whose hours so quickly flew
When DELIA came, and lagg'd whene'er she went;
For DELIA then to kindling love was true,
And HENRY saw the blossom of Content.

A nipping

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A nipping frost, by Fortune basely sped—
  Insatiate spoiler of the lover's rest!—
With gelid pinion o'er my lowly shed
  Destructive hung, and ev'ry wish oppress'd.

But what is Fortune, or the pride of Birth?
  Can they ennoble, or make Virtue mean?
Is Worth superiour, in the pomp of Earth,
  To pensive Merit in affliction's scene?

So thinks not Heav'n—yet DELIA judg'd it so!
  And Heav'n's own image is my DELIA's heart—
May Truth forgive the dear deluding foe,
  And shield her bosom from the snares of Art!

Here then, beyond the limits of controul,
  My prospects vanish'd, and my wishes o'er!
Expos'd be ev'ry feeling of my soul,
  Unaw'd by grandeur, ridicule, or pow'r.

Ah! rather let Oblivion gather round,
  Nor leave a ray to light me into thought;
Let not Remembrance wake the deaden'd wound,
  Till Nature's vanquish'd, and her ties forgot.

Why should I think? has this sad speck of earth
  One faithful pledge which Reason can receive?
Through clouds of misery we spring to birth;
  In clouds of misery we cease to grieve.

Then

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Then why this horrour of a future state,
Which prompts and foils the scrutiny of man;
And leads him darkling through the wilds of Fate,
Without a system, and without a plan?

That Heav'n's existence centres in a God
Whom Faith acknowledges, and Hope adores;
Whose spirit, visiting the sluggish clod
Of earthly man illumines all his pow'rs;

That what inspires this mass of quicken'd clay
Is one eternal particle of flame!
All Nature owns, and with unerring ray
Points to those realms from whence Creation came.

But that a God,—whose plastic spirit gave
To dull unanimated earth a breath,
Which, unimpair'd, shall live beyond the grave
And spring triumphant from the grasp of Death!—

That pure Omniscience should descend to frame,
For *mortal* trespasses, *immortal* woe,
Is what fair Reason shudders to proclaim,
And Fear, or Int'rest only, spreads below.

If there be one, like me, condemn'd to share
Grief's bitt'rest pang and agonizing strife—
Whose mind is meekly passive in despair,
Because it meditates eternal life;

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May such the tale of Prejudice disown!
He nobly dares, who, deaf to Nature's cries,*
Undaunted plunges into worlds unknown,
While strong Conviction points him to the skies.

He nobly dares, before whose steady eye
Uncertain horrours innocently glow;
Who springs, impatient of each earthly tie,
From all the certainty of earthly woe.

When the pent thunder in the tempest's womb
Heaves for its birth, and mutters round the skies,
From Heav'n's Omnipotent athwart the gloom
The lightning flashes, and the tumult dies.

And sure, if Heav'n has lent a spark divine
To what must own corruption and decay,
That spark, when troubled in its cumbrous shrine,
May spurn the load, and brighten into day.

Then why this dread when Death, our surest friend,
Looks from his dark and solitary home?
The frown we shrink at, is affliction's end;
The pang we fear, is ecstacy to come.

* It is undoubtedly a proof of the rankest cowardice to destroy ourselves merely because we are wretched: but it requires some resolution, in the full conviction of an Hereafter, to break through every dictate of Nature and Religion, and face the Almighty.

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Misfortunes wean us from alluring sin,
And lift the soul to Heav'n's eternal year:
Each woe that tortures is a voice within,
Whose echo call us from the pains we bear.

But hush! what means that murmur in reply?
What fiend, enamour'd with illusive state,
To proud AUGUSTA counsels me to fly,
And court the casual friendship of the Great?*

The Great!—Ah me! what littleness is found
Where Grandeur triumphs in its wealth alone!
How meanly prompt with insolence to wound
The fittest pride Humanity should own!

Detested plan! at which the free-born mind
Starts with disdain, and spurns the crumb it wants:
Is Genius then so slighted by mankind,
That nothing's left it but the Courtier's taunts?

Shall *He*, whose numbers were by DELIA prais'd—
Deceitful sounds, that charm'd me into ill!—
Whose purest incense was to DELIA rais'd!
To Grandeur cringe, and prostitute his will?

* The Author is very far from wishing to insinuate, that the *real* Nobility of this country will neither cultivate learning themselves, nor encourage it in others; but there is a species of new-fangled grandeur got amongst us, which no rank can dignify, nor the means it possesses render useful to society—

Mongrels in rank, and visionary lords!

Ah!

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Ah! sooner let me wander into suns
Where nature only prompts the savage breast;
Where man in friendship with the tiger runs,
Consumes his acorn, and enjoys his rest!

Yet thither, swifter than the wintry blast,
The rankling torture of my breast would move;
Still must Remembrance point me to the past:
I still must languish, for I still should love.

Then come, thou friendly weapon, in whose womb
Fate sits secure, and certain of its prey;
While DELIA's image lights me to the tomb,
From DELIA's charms *thus* rend each wish away.

* * * * * * *

Ah no!—Eternity! profound abyss—
See, from my grasp the deadly weapon falls!
From sleepless anguish into soothing bliss
An Angel beckons, and my Saviour calls.

In patient anguish from the Cross he bends!
Fresh from his side the sacred torrent flows!
Earth's whole redemption, like the dove, descends,
And Mercy spreads her pinion of repose.

And dares Mortality, because it feels
The transient torture of unanswer'd love,
Whose keenest anguish dissolution heals,
Arraign its Maker, or his vengeance move?*

* Si dans l'angoisse de leurs maux les hommes ne voient pas les remèdes, est-ce l'ignorance de Dieu qu'il faut inculper, ou *leur* ignorance?

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Shall fleeting woes, that down the stream of Time
Float into nought, and with existence die,
In darkling phrensy meditate a crime,
Which hurls the culprit from his native sky?

If laws, enacted for the public weal,
Can drive the criminal to suns unknown,
Condemn'd in wand'ring wretchedness to feel
The bitt'rest pangs that memory can own;

Shall man, by guilt original opprest,
With ev'ry stain unexpiated, brave
(To heav'nly peace an uninvited guest)
Incens'd Omnipotence, and force the grave?

When from the deep the gath'ring billows fly,
And dark destruction in each cloud appears,
He nobly does, who with unalter'd eye
Through all the thunder of the tempest steers:

norance? Cesses donc, O mortels! d'accuser la fatalité du Sort, ou les jugemens de la Divinité! Si Dieu est bon, sera-t-il l'auteur de votre supplice? S'il est juste, sera-t-il le complice de vos forfaits? Non, non: la bizarrerie dont l'homme se plaint n'est point la bizarrerie du Destin: l'obscurité où sa raison s'égare n'est point l'obscurité de Dieu; la source de ses calamités n'est point reculée dans les cieux: elle est près de lui sur la terre; elle n'est point cachée au sein de la Divinité; elle réside dans l'homme même; il la porte dans son cœur. *Les Ruines de Volnay.*

He

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He nobly does, unshaken to the last,
Who in the consciousness of death aspires;
Sees Heav'n unfolding ere the storm be past,
And in the crash of elements expires.

Ah! can delusion from the fev'rous mind
The strong conviction of HEREAFTER* tear?
Or cast the vengeance of a God behind,
When urg'd by wretchedness to meet despair?

Beyond that precinct, where no stranger yet,
No friend e'er visited his friend again;
Where all the cheerfulness of life is set,
And death and darkness in their zenith reign;

There, in the clouded thunder of his might,
The God of Vengeance a tribunal holds;
Or—soft diffusion of ethereal light—
To trembling Faith a paradise unfolds.

And shall the frail solicitudes of earth,
Mistaken cares, and ill-requited sighs!
Obscure the particle that gave me birth,
And blot the noblest image of the skies?

* The man who denies an Hereafter, either affects to disbelieve what he inwardly dreads, or rashly attempts to stifle the strongest impulse of the soul.

—Tamen usque recurret.

From

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From every quarter of created light,
Exclaims not Nature to the wounded breast—
" Though cold neglect, and poverty unite
" To stab thy peace, art thou alone opprest?

" Art thou more wretched than the worn-out horse,*
" That drags in torture o'er the flinty way
" His mangled limbs, with agonizing force
" Each sinew bounding to the lash's sway?

" Does *he*, by *instinct*, from the galling road,
" To some deep precipice consign his pain?
" At home though slighted, and ill-us'd abroad,
" Patient he toils and answers to the rein.

" Yet thou, with boasted *reason* on thy side,
" With HOPE to lift thee into future joy,
" From mean oppression, or insulted pride,
" Wouldst brave conviction, and its light destroy."

Have I no parent, relative, or friend,
No tie that honour and affection wake?
Can self-destruction bid remembrance end,
Or dissolution from injustice take?

* This passage alludes to a circumstance, which happened when the Mail Coaches were first adopted by Government. It must be in the recollection of many, that one of the leading horses literally ran some distance with his leg snapped in two at the fetlock joint. Every day, indeed, affords instances of unparalleled fortitude and resignation in the disgraceful abuse of this valuable animal.

The

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The sigh that gathers o'er my cold remains,
Of wounded nature will the murmur be:
Ah! base the deed, though it release my pains,
That casts on others what it takes from me.

The spark that lights me through the darken'd road
Of devious life, from Heav'n unspotted came:
Though prest and troubled in its earthly load,
It still must triumph, and be still the same.

Unstain'd it shone, till frail ambition woke
A wish to emulate Creation's Lord;
The first injunction of obedience broke,
And madly trespass'd on the sacred word.

If all the sanctity that earth can boast
Still insufficient for its guilt be found!
How must increas'd iniquity be lost,
When ghastly SUICIDE shall bare its wound!

Who then the short uncertainty of woe
That mortals own could hesitate to bear?—
With calm composure all its anguish know,
Bliss unimpair'd and unalloy'd to share?

Through clouds of misery to floods of light,
By Virtue lifted on the wings of Grace,
The pilgrim soars from momentary night,
To move unfetter'd in ETERNAL SPACE.

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ELEGIES.

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Although the following Poem may appear to militate against the solitude of monastic life in general, the author unfeignedly hopes the inference will not be so drawn, as to injure religious privacy. At the same time he wishes to establish some principle with regard to worldly virtue, and to shew, that it is very possible to share the conviviality of human intercourse without endangering our future hopes. For could there be a more melancholy proof of universal depravity than an implied idea, that the virtue of individuals, and the consequent effects of hereafter, could not be kept uninjured amidst the harmless enjoyments of life.

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ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Written at Dover, previous to my sailing for the Continent, where his Remains were deposited.

1779.

ONCE more the Muse her drooping sail must spread
Above the swelling bosom of the wave,
By sad remembrance and affection led,
To breathe their dictates at PHILANDER's grave.

Ye weeping nymphs, then waft a tender gale,
Whose plaintive voice shall sob along the sea;
While secret anguish murmurs in the sail,
And list'ning Tritons join the mournful lay.

'Tis done—Affliction on that coast appears,
Where pining Care and Melancholy reign:
In secret woe sad Meditation bares
Her heaving breast, and mutters to the main.

Stray'd from his cell, the shiv'ring spectre moves:
(The ghost of manhood into phrenzy wrought!)
Averse to all that sense, or nature, loves,
Each gen'rous pulse is wasted into thought.

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Yet why, my friend, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
Of polish'd manners, and of mind serene,
With youth to bear thee thro' the shining race
Of titled grandeur, and its dazzling scene—

Ah! why didst thou the specious tale believe,
To quit thy birth-right for imagin'd ease?*
For crimes in spotless innocence to grieve,
And, blest with temper, be denied to please?

Does earth its produce to no purpose yield?
Is it a crime with cheerfulness to dwell?
Heav'n shines benignant o'er the cultur'd field,
Nor bounds its blessings by the cloyster'd cell.

If zealots only, to whose jaundic'd eyes
Fair reason looks intolerably foul,
Can claim a partial title to the skies,
How weak the spirit which directs the whole!

How mean the spark that lights us into day—
Ethereal produce of eternal flame!
If life be doom'd in horrour to decay,
And anguish settle on this goodly frame.

* A renunciation of worldly property forms one of the principal vows in monastic retirement. The elder brothers of many of our most opulent Roman Catholic families are at this moment obliged to subsist upon a trifling pittance.——" Est virtus vivere parvo."

To

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To social raptures even brutes incline;
Then why should man, creation's noblest boast!
Grown deaf to nature, and its laws divine,
In fruitless sighs and penitence be lost?

AMANDA, gentlest of her sex, and fair?
Spotless as fair! and virtuously serene!
Bids Heav'n and nature amicably share
Affection's impulse in each harmless scene.

With her, associate in her joys and pains,
The paths of life AMILCAR fondly treads;
No woes can reach where mutual pleasure reigns,
Or taint the ray that virtuous rapture sheds.

And shall Religion, in her strictest hour,
Dead to the noblest dictate of the breast,
On social happiness embitter'd low'r,
By pious rage and solitude distrest?

Shall man the dearest of all bliss below,
(Raptures of love, that never cease to charm!)
Though Heav'n directed, wretchedly forego,
In madd'ning fear of visionary harm?

Soars not the pray'r of grandeur's *virtuous* son
On pinion equal to the cloister'd sigh?
Though breath'd in fashion and its courtly sun,
The deed of worth's no stranger to the sky.

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And yet PHILANDER could each joy resign,
For pensive care and solitary woe:
Each passion, yielded to the bigot's shrine,
Forgot to animate, and ceas'd to glow.

So in the zenith of the solar ray,
The flow'r that points its bosom to the skies,
A golden lustre pours upon the day,
The covert shuns, or, in it, fades and dies.

Eternal clouds hang hov'ring on the shore,
And glimm'ring shadows move along the sky;
A thousand phantoms gather round the bow'r,
Where poor PHILANDER still instructs to die.

Oh had he liv'd that lesson to impart
Which genuine virtue stamp'd upon his breast,
The noblest efforts of an honest heart
Had mark'd his record, and his labours blest!

Yet had he liv'd, the melancholy rage
Of pious madness would have damp'd the whole:
A war with Nature in the flush of age,
With Reason exil'd from the darken'd soul.

ELEGY.

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ELEGY.

THE DEPENDANT.

STILL is thy bow, stern Disappointment! bent,
To fix its ruthless arrows in my breast?
When will the cruel multitude be spent,
That long have search'd, and still attempt my rest?

Is it too much, in study's arduous lore,
While keen inquiry wastes the midnight oil,
To hope for comfort on a foreign shore,
When want has forced me from my native soil?

Is it too much, to seek a kind retreat,
Where, humbly guarded from Misfortune's dart,
Expos'd to nothing but the world's deceit,
That world may share my labours and my heart?

And cannot all the suff'rings of a mind,
Whose sharpest thorn on education grows,
Which, while I court the friendship of mankind,
Their pride, their weakness and their folly shews—

Ah! cannot these in pity bid thee spare
The wand'ring offspring of a race unknown;
Whose only friend is solitary care,
Content, if little can be call'd his own?

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Sketch'd on the living tablet of my heart,
A sharp consuming melancholy 's spread:
Embitter'd fancy feeds the growing smart,
And anguish points me to the peaceful dead.

Reduc'd to bear each littleness of soul
That rich impertinence and folly know,
I yield my judgment to the vile controul
Of *inward* ignorance and outward show.

And can I smile, or, with an aukward grace,
The sad distemper of my breast conceal,
When ev'ry coxcomb perks it in my face,
And ev'ry blockhead sneers at what I feel?

Thus on the gilded bosom of the wave,
With purple streamer and with silken sail,
The boastful coxcomb may the tempest brave,
And laugh at wrecks that never felt a gale.

But when, in contest with assaulted Heav'n,
The darken'd waves their circling eddies throw,
What throbs of anguish to the breast are giv'n!
How fear is pictur'd on his moisten'd brow!

How long must truth, broke down by cold neglect,
Through pride and folly still attempt to rise;
How long to dulness prostitute respect,
And stoop to *things* that wisdom must despise?

Feebly

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Feebly the captive linnet, when confin'd
To some close room, its trembling pinion tries;
While, borne triumphant on the buoyant wind,
The lark ascends, and floats upon the skies.

What then avail my live-long hours of toil,
Or prudence struggling with impatient youth;
The morning beam, the lonely midnight oil,
To catch the glimmer of afflictive truth?

Is there in all creation's reas'ning crowd,
Where wisdom finds not something to deplore?
While conscious meanness, pointing to the shroud,
Bids pride and vanity delude no more.

And yet mankind, so Heav'n or Chance ordains,
Are rul'd by gold, and vanquish'd by deceit;
Lost in their blaze the nobler mind remains,
And *Sense* is spread at wealthy Folly's feet.

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ELEGY.

THE LOVER.

WHY to that shade with more than rapture move
My ready feet, and *there* delight to stray?
Is it because some zephyr fans the grove
With purer air, and scents the genial ray?

Is it because, by wearied fancy led,
I shun the walks where pride and folly meet?
Or, lost in scenes that truth and nature spread,
Think for myself, and wander from deceit?

Ah no!—for me no zephyr fans the grove,
The mid-day cools, or breathes a purer air:
The pomp of pride and folly cannot move,
Or snatch my soul one instant from her care.

Wrapp'd in affection's dear-deluding dream,
I sigh in public, and in private mourn:
And fondly nurse my solitary flame,
Without one hope, or prospect of return.

In vain I know the weakness of my soul,
In vain I feel my passion ought to cease;
On ev'ry thought her beauty bears controul,
My reason's vanquish'd, and my pains increase.

Still,

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Still, though discretion urge me to retire,
And cautious prudence warn me to forget;
Still by the light of amorous desire,
I rove where DELIA and her victim met.

Still, though unknown, unpitied, and forlorn,
The tale of ridicule, perhaps, and pride!
Perhaps the blameless object of her scorn,
I hug the shaft that rankles in my side.

Still near the beauteous object of my breast,
With timid step and bashful looks I move,
Catch from her eyes a momentary rest,
And feed the future pangs of hopeless love.

Oh! that some friendly gale would gently sigh
My soft complaint to DELIA's tender ear,
Bear on its wing the treasure of a sigh,
And calm my sorrows by one precious tear.

For sure, of all the pangs that lovers feel,
The worst with thee, Solicitude, was born!
To love, and yet not dare that love reveal,
Or, if reveal'd, to dread a killing scorn.

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LADY LAURIE

ON THE

Death of her favourite NIGHTINGALE.

DEAR bird! sweet soother of my pensive hour,
That oft hast warbled to my raptur'd ear,
Farewell! Thy voice on solitude no more
Shall pour its accents, or the night endear.

Still to thy lonesome tenement I turn,
By sadly pensive recollection led!
To echo's ear solicituously mourn,
And fondly court thee from the tuneful dead.

Oft to the mute companion of thy days,*
In plaintive anguish I lament thy doom;
Silence—the best acknowledgment of praise—
With ev'ry sigh, still points me to the tomb!

Adieu!—But if as poets fondly tell,
Thy tuneful echoes can be heard again,
Here, in the softest of thy visits, dwell,
And kindly pour the visionary strain.

* Alluding to the surviving bird never having been heard to sing from the moment its companion died.

ELEGY.

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ELEGY.

Written on board the Packet when under Apprehensions of foul Weather, though the Sky appeared serene at quitting Port.

ALLURING day!—But wilt thou last! Ah no!
Behind that azure veil a traitor lies:
The friendly gales which now so kindly blow,
Will shun the blust'ring tumult of the skies.

Then, on the wide-expanded ocean toss'd,
The sport of waves, and play-thing of the wind!
That azure vanish'd, and those zephyrs lost,
Oft will the poor advent'rer look behind.

On many a wish'd-for comfort of the land
Oft will he fix the musings of his breast;
Point to where love and pleasure, hand in hand,
Untainted rove, and sport themselves to rest.

Ah then to DELIA's happy dome will fly
The waken'd sorrows he endur'd to part:
While ruthless tempests trifle with his sigh,
And basely blab the secret of his heart.

Yet

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Yet let them tell the passion which he long
Has fondly nurs'd, and never can resign:
Yes, let them tell that DELIA was his song,
And she alone inspir'd his youthful line.

Int'rest or pride have nothing else to dread,
When freedom's child, who never ask'd to love,
Unnotic'd slumbers with the wat'ry dead,
And leaves the world to murmur or approve.

To

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To an unfortunate Beauty, remarkable for her Integrity.

O SAPPHO, loveliest of the fallen fair!
Thou, in whose bosom unpolluted reigns
A virtuous principle, that guides thee clear
Of all that pure integrity disdains;

To thee, this votive wreath, which friendship wove,
(And would'st thou credit what a poet swears!)—
To thee, this pledge of unaffected love
The muse with more than common rapture bears.

Let wedded pride, august in ev'ry deed,*
By custom sanctified, howe'er absurd,
At Envy's feet see Reputation bleed,
And yet no soothing palliative afford.

Beyond her reach, thy spirit can defy
The sneer of prejudice and erring spite;
While reason breathes the tribute they deny,
And candid nature knows thee to be right.

For me, whose comfort is to laugh at pride,
Despising titles and the pomp of state;
Oft shall remembrance wander to thy side,
Dwell on thy worth, and reconcile thy fate.

* As this passage is open to much misconstruction, I beg to say that the allusion does not extend to conjugal fidelity. The absurdities of unforgiving pride, perhaps the dictates of disappointed frailty, are only aimed at.

LINES

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LINES

Sent with one of WEDGWOOD's *Medallions, representing a* NEGRO *kneeling.*

THE suppliant posture of this object proves
The savage temper of mankind to man;
Ah sure, PARTHENOPÉ, the youth who loves,
Can ne'er be treated on so harsh a plan;
Yet suppliant oft the pensive mourner lies,
In secret anguish and unanswer'd sighs.

Nor size, nor shape, nor colour can subdue
Compassion's dictates in the breast that feels;
To melting sympathy's endearing view
One look of tenderness a Heav'n reveals.
Yet still beware of *falsehood*'s gilded ray,
Whose light misguides, and flatters to betray.

LOVE.

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LOVE.

LOVE is a soft, involuntary flame,
Beyond the pow'r of language to express;
That throws resistless magic o'er the frame,
And leads to boundless pleasure or distress.

From Love misfortune takes her earliest date,
Or rapt'rous bliss prepares the flow'ry way;
Wak'd at our birth, they mingle with our fate,
And cling to life, till vanquish'd by decay.

E'en when in youth we feel the hand of death
Obscure the prospect of a cloudless sky,
All-conqu'ring love attends the fleeting breath,
And nature's fond, last effort, is a sigh.

Then tell me, DELIA, what avail the cares
That taint our joys with bitterness and pain?
If to our aid the god of love repairs,
And DELIA smiles, misfortunes frown in vain.

EPITAPH

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EPITAPH

On a YOUNG LADY, *who died at Seventeen, of a Decline.*

THEN art thou gone!—The lily's languid head
That sick'ning droops, oppress'd by beating rains,
Was ne'er in half such lovely ruin spread,
As meekly gathers on thy dear remains.

Here let the young, the beauteous, and the gay—
For thou wert young, and beauteously serene—
The purest homage of affection pay,
And fondly trace thee in each earthly scene.

Hence let the vain from peerless beauty prove
To honest nature constancy and truth;
Hence let the gay with undissembled love,
Make reason triumph in the pride of youth.

And when they read what this sad verse must tell,
And when they meditate thy form and mind;
May sorrowing virtue breathe a long farewell,
And angels hail thy passage from mankind.

To

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To Miss ———.

I'VE sought thro' nature for an angel's mien,
An angel's temper, unadorn'd to see;
With keen discernment visited each scene,
But ne'er could find them till I gaz'd on Thee.

Then rose the fair reality confest,
In native sweetness and unrivall'd grace;
Whilst heav'nly music in my vanquish'd breast
Confirm'd the triumph of thy matchless face.

Smooth be the lot of *one* so good, so fair;
No rankling pain to torture or annoy;
Of circling angels the delight and care,
Till earth must yield thee to celestial joy.

On

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On seeing a ROBIN *expiring on a* LADY'*s Bosom.*

LAMENTED bird! by pain familiar made,
Subdu'd by hunger, and with cold opprest,
In ruffled plumage thou art fondly laid,
To steal existence from my DELIA'S breast.

Yet why, sweet bird! why should'st thou wish to live,
Where I with rapture would my breath resign?
Oh! change thy doom, and from this breast receive
The quick'ning spirit for a death like thine.

On that fair bosom vainly wilt thou lie,
Indulg'd, caress'd, and courted back to life:
Yet happiest thou!—'Tis bliss like thee to die,
Like me to live, is death's severest strife.

ELEGY.

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ELEGY.

THE DECLARATION.

IF e'er PARTHENOPÉ, thy lovely breast
Of keen solicitude the pang has felt;
If e'er thy moments have been robb'd of rest,
And sleepless anguish on thy pillow dwelt;

By ev'ry sigh that forc'd thee to complain,
Assuaging hope, and melancholy fear!
By ev'ry throb of solitary pain,
Unsullied honour and its dictates hear.

The voice of truth, and honour's tender strains,
Unblushing faith and innocence repeat;
Its spotless sway sincerity maintains,
And candour calmly guards it from deceit.

Whoe'er can trifle with affection's vow,
Becomes the base assassin of repose;
Remorse soon gathers on his darken'd brow,
And keen repentance from his falsehood grows.

The dark'ning cloud that presses on my heart,
Would melt to sun-shine at those angel-eyes;
Thro' ev'ry shadow of despair would dart
The beam of peace, and bid Elysium rise.

Perhaps

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Perhaps—by virgin diffidence alarm'd—
Suspicion glooms, and saddens ev'ry thought;
Perhaps—which Heav'n avert!—some youth has charm'd
What—*once* my own—not India could have bought.

Ah! then may cheerful happiness attend
Your mutual transports into years to come!
The lover fondly mixing with the friend,
And ev'ry wish still happiest at home.

And should remembrance, what I ne'er could feign,
The secret anguish of my heart recall,
Dead be each nerve to sympathising pain,
And blank forgetfulness absorb it all.

On

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On seeing a LADY shed Tears.

AND by the tear which dew'd thy cheek,
And by the sigh which swell'd thy breast,
Ah pity what I must not speak,
Yet feel too much, if unexprest.

Long as the vital spark shall glow,
May peace and pleasure wait on thee;
Unruffled ev'ry rapture know,
Nor lose one precious thought on ME!

Though long inur'd to all the woes
Which pensive lovers fondly bear,
For *thy* dear sake I'll court repose,
And find it in my chastest pray'r.

Perhaps, when absence must divide
The youth who loves so well, so true,
Remembrance at thy lovely side
May whisper what I felt and knew.

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On leaving DOVER.

FAREWELL, dear cliffs! where oft in musing thought
I've fondly gaz'd, or solitary rov'd,
While keen remembrance to reflection brought
The maid I sigh'd for, and the friends I lov'd.

Far from each scene that gave my bosom joy,
Far from each dear delusion I retreat;
To where unmeaning levities annoy,*
Or gen'rous feeling sickens at deceit.

Can absence alter, or can distance break
The charm that holds me with unequall'd force?
Of ev'ry feeling—let this bosom speak!—
Is not my lov'd PARTHENOPÉ the source?

Each pulse that answers to the tide of life,
Swells to the fond remembrance of my Dear;
In fleeting pleasures, and recurring strife,
Her virtues triumph, and her charms appear.

Dear cliffs, adieu! Ah! here my charmer trod;
E'en here she sigh'd, *How much! how well he loves!*
The sea-weed, trembling o'er the moisten'd sod,
Repeats the sound, and eloquently moves!

* French Manners.

A CELLE

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RECOLLECTION.

A CELLE QUI SE RECONNOITRA.

WHEN still and mould'ring into dust shall lie
The throbbing inmate of this troubled breast,
The lov'd destroyer of his peace may sigh,
Perhaps may grieve that she denied it rest.

Ah! no—if conscious of the fondest pray'r
That ever issu'd with expiring love—
Heav'n makes unblemish'd innocence its care,
No pang shall reach her, and no sorrow move.

Not e'en Remembrance—if Remembrance give
A grief to what is purity refin'd—
Shall in the mazes of reflection live,
Or dare to trespass on her angel-mind.

One sigh, to mingle with my parting breath,
One transient sigh PARTHENOPÉ may lend;
The coldest bosom will be touch'd by death,
And feel for nature when her charms must end.

Nor let the Vain *that* throbbing pulse despise,
Which swells to grief and melancholy woe;
A rapture glimmers on affliction's sighs,
Which truth alone, and sympathy can know.

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Yet far from thee, PARTHENOPE, remove
Each thought that wanders to Philander's tomb;
All joy be thine—and shouldst thou deign to love,
E'en o'er the cypress may the myrtle bloom.

DEPARTURE.

THE wretch that feels the vital fire
Expiring in each trembling part,
Indulges, with a fond desire,
The ling'ring spark that flutters round his heart.

From day to day, in anxious care,
Thus I protract the fatal hour,
Which tears me from the maid most dear,
And bids the cloud of killing absence low'r.

If death can quench the liquid flame
That sparkles in affection's eye,
Sure ABSENCE, diff'ring but in name,
Is one continu'd death—one wasting sigh.

LINES

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LINES

MADE AT THE BURIAL OF

SIR WILLIAM MANNOCK, BART.

LIEGE, 1776.

HERE as I rest, what horrour breaks
The musing silence of my soul?
A something more than echo speaks!
'Tis He! for whom my sorrows roll.

But why, my friend, ah, why so wan
The features of that youthful face!
Is this, alas! the fate of man?
So frail is ev'ry charm and grace?

" In this, O youth, whom still detains
" The world's precarious scene of woes—
" In this the fondest hope remains:
" *Return to dust, from whence ye rose!*

" Then what avail the polish'd brow,
" The rosy lip, the female bloom,
" Since, soon or late, our haughty foe
" Shall bid them fade beneath the tomb?"

He said; and quickly from my sight,
Aghast and trembling as I lay,
Burst in a streaming flood of light,
And vanish'd to eternal day.

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ODE,

BY M. DE BERNARD.

JUPITER, prête-moi ta foudre,
S'écria LYCORIS un jour;
Donne : que je réduise en poudre
Le temple où j'ai connu l'amour.

ALCIDE, que ne suis-je armée,
De ta massue, ou de tes traits,
Pour venger la terre alarmée,
Et punir un dieu que je hais!

MÉDÉE, enseigne-moi l'usage
De tes plus noirs enchantemens,
Formons pour lui quelque breuvage
Egal au poison des amans.

Ah! si dans ma fureur extrême
Je tenois ce monstre odieux!—
" Le voici," lui dit l'AMOUR même,
Qui soudain parut à ses yeux.

" Venge-toi, punis, si tu l'oses:"
Interdite à ce prompt retour,
Elle prit un bouquet de roses,
Pour corriger le jeune AMOUR.

On

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ODE,

TRANSLATED FROM M. DE BERNARD.

LEND me, the troubled ROSALINDA cried,
Thy fiery bolts, inexorable JOVE!
And be the direst of their vengeance tried
To crush the temple of perfidious LOVE.

Oh, where, ALCIDES*—strong as angry fate—
Where is thy club, and where thy feather'd arms?
To wreak my vengeance on the god I hate,
And chase from earth such tumults and alarms!

MEDEA! teach me ev'ry magic spell;
Give me the strongest effort of thy skill,
To make a bev'rage that will far excel
The lover's poison, and as surely kill.

Ah! should the hated monster now appear,
While rage distracts, and tears me from myself—
"Behold that monster! You behold him here,"
Cries CUPID—archly smiling at himself.

"Exhaust your rage, strike! punish if you dare."—
Abash'd and silenc'd by the quick reply,
A knot of roses serv'd the blushing fair
To punish LOVE for many a heart-felt sigh.

* Hercules.

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On dit même que la bergère
Dans ses bras n'osoit le presser,
Et frappant d'une main légère,
Craignoit encore de le blesser.

LE

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Nor dar'd she—conscious of the god she saw—
Attempt to press him in her trembling arm;
But gently touching, with repulsive awe,
At ev'ry blow betray'd a soft alarm.

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LE PORTRAIT,

AN ODE, BY M. DE BERNARD.

QU'UN autre amant soit épris
Des charmes d'une déesse:
A ma bergère, à DORIS,
Je dois le trait qui me blesse.

J'ai chanté cent fois l'Amour;
Lui seul eut tous mes hommages:
Ce dieu me donne, à son tour,
Le plus beau de ses ouvrages.

Quand ses traits frappent mes yeux,
Les rangs ne me touchent guères:
DORIS connoit peu d'aïeux;
Mais mille amours sont ses frères.

Son

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THE PORTRAIT.

TRANSLATED FROM M. DE BERNARD.

OF charms celestial other bards may sing,
Imagin'd raptures, and ideal pains!
From sweet Simplicity the living sting
My bosom feels, and o'er it DELIA reigns.

A thousand homages to LOVE I've paid,
The sole, dear subject of my willing strain!
In kind requital to my wishes made,
The brightest effort of the god I gain.*

No titled relatives can DELIA boast;
No titled parentage my bosom moves:
Each gilded folly's in her beauty lost,
And DELIA's brothers are a thousand LOVES.

* The following stanzas stood in the text of the former edition.

The queen of rapture and of gay delight
To rosy youth her winning smile imparts;
Each look she touches with resistless light,
And scatters magic on our yielding hearts.

In her the choicest of her gifts are seen;
Each tender sentiment that feeling proves,
By soft expression pictur'd on her mien,
Adorns the Graces, and exalts the Loves.

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Son cœur, tout au sentiment,
Ne veut esprit, ni système :
Aussi tel est son amant;
Ce n'est pas Newton qu'elle aime.

Baiser, regards & soupir,
Voilà tout notre langage :
Mon étude est son plaisir;
Mon plaisir est son ouvrage.

Elle a cet aimant vainqueur,
Qui retient ce qu'il attire :
Sa voix est le son du cœur,
Qui d'un seul mot sait tout dire.

Son teint n'est que sa couleur,
Digne d'enchanter Zéphir,
Son visage est une fleur,
Qu'épanouit le sourire.

C'est un bouquet de lila,
Qui fait toute sa parure,
Et l'art qui mit ce donlà,
Outrage encore la nature.

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With heart resign'd to sentiment alone,
Her tongue no wit, or sudied system speaks;
The same soft principle my feelings own;
It is not Newton that my DELIA seeks.

Looks, sighs, and kisses all our language bear,
Our only wisdom is express'd by these;
To please my DELIA is my only care,
My only pleasure is from her I please.

The conq'ring magic which her eyes impart,
With pow'r resistless what they draw retains:
Her voice, the faithful echo of her heart,
All nature's meaning by one word explains.

Her fair complexion is its native hue:
Her face—a stranger to the looks of guile,
Which playful Zephyr might in rapture view—
Is nature's flow'r that blossoms with a smile.

The Rose in dew-drops, thro' the smiles of May
That swells its crimson to the cheek of morn,
Not half the richness that her lips display,
Can boast, though shielded by the scented thorn.

A knot of Lilach,—which from nature takes
What art can neither imitate nor mend,—
Is all the Toilet that my Delia makes,
Is more than bashful modesty should lend.

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Deux ames semblent presser
Son sein, qui croit & s'éleve:
La pudeur le fait baisser,
Et le désir le souleve.

Dans ses beaux yeux, tour-à-tour,
Paroît même avec décence,
La languer qui suit l'amour,
Ou l'ardeur qui le devance.

Doris joint à tant d'appas
Cette taille d'immortelle,
Qui semble inviter mes bras
A s'arrondir autour d'elle.

Enfin, pour mettre en son jour
Le portrait de ma bergère,
Elle a l'âge de l'Amour,
Et la beauté de sa mère.

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Two souls seem plac'd enamour'd on her breast,
  Which rise and fall, alternately, with love;
By virgin diffidence at times repress'd,
  By soft desire at others forc'd to move.

O'er her bright eyes, by decency refin'd,
  Appears the languor that succeeds desire;
From those dear eyes, reluctantly confin'd,
  Escapes the fond anticipating fire.

With all the beauties of a matchless face,
  With all that animates unrivall'd charms,
Inviting symmetry her shape displays,
  And wooes the circling impulse of my arms.

To raise the portrait of my fair above
  Whate'er is mention'd by the voice of fame,
In age she's equal to the God of Love,
  In beauty matchless as the Cyprian Dame.*

* As in every stanza of this beautiful production it has been my chief object to make the translation as literal as the idioms of the language would allow, the critical reader will not, I hope, think this note either superflous or pedantic.—I had translated the last stanza so far to my satisfaction, that I knew it conveyed the sense of Bernard, and did not clash with the preceding lines; but I still found the following one more immediately the transfused idea of the original.

To raise the portrait of my fair above
  Whate'er with excellence a mortal arms,
She moves twin-sister to the God of Love,
  In all the lustre of his mother's charms.

THE

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LA ROSE.

AN ODE, BY M. DE BERNARD.

TENDRE fruit des pleurs de l'Aurore,
Objet des baisers du Zéphyr,
Reine de l'empire de Flore,
Hâte-toi de t'épanouir.

Que dis-je, hélas! diffère encore,
Diffère un moment de t'ouvrir:
L'instant qui doit te faire éclore,
Est celui qui doit te flétrir.

THÉMIRE est une fleur nouvelle,
Qui doit subir la même loi:
Rose, tu dois briller comme elle;
Elle doit passer comme toi.

Descends de ta tige épineuse;
Viens la parer de tes couleurs;
Tu dois être la plus heureuse;
Comme la plus belle des fleurs.

Va, meurs sur le sein de THÉMIRE,
Qu'il soit ton trône et ton tombeau:
Jaloux de ton sort, je n'aspire
Qu'au bonheur d'un trépas si beau.

Tu

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THE ROSE.

TRANSLATED FROM M. DE BERNARD.

SWEET offspring of Aurora's tear
Of Zephyr the delight,
Fair Empress of the vernal year,
Unfold thee to the light.

Yet, ah! forbear—delay thy birth,
Nor trust the smiling day:
The instant which invites thee forth,
Invites thee to decay.

My DELIA is an op'ning flow'r,
That owns the same decree:
Like her thou'lt spread thy dazzling pow'r,
And she must fade like thee.

Forsake the thorn thy colours grace;
To her entrust each hue;
And be, as fairest of thy race,
Dear Rose, the happiest too.

Go! on my charmer's breast expire,
At once thy throne and tomb;
Whilst I with envying bliss aspire,
And emulate thy doom.

The

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Tu verras quelque jour, peut-être,
L'asyle où tu dois pénétrer;
Un soupir t'y fera renaître,
Si THÉMIRE peut soupirer.

L'Amour aura soin de t'instruire
Du côté que tu dois pencher;
Eclate à ses yeux sans leur nuire,
Pare son sein sans le cacher.

Si quelque main a l'imprudence
D'y venir troubler ton repos,
Emporte avec toi ma vengeance,
Garde une épine à mes rivaux.

AUX

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The spot thou 'rt destin'd to obtain,
May meet thy yielding eye;
A sigh will make thee live again,
If DELIA deign to sigh.

Love will instruct thee, beauteous flow'r,
On which fair side to rest;
A friendly lustre round her pour,
And half conceal her breast.

But lest some harsh insulting hand
Disturb thy calm repose,
Let some proud thorn in vengeance stand,
To awe my rival foes.

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AUX MUSES.

BY M. DE BERNARD.

SOUFFREZ les amours sur vos traces:
Muses, souvenez vous toujours,
Que l'esprit est sans les amours,
Ce que'est la beauté sans les graces.
C'est à l'amour qui'il faut céder;
Quel autre charme nous arrête?
L'esprit peut faire une conquête:
Mais c'est au cœur à la garder.

INVITATION DE M. DE VOLTAIRE.

AU nom de Pinde et de Cythère,
Gentil Bernard est averti
Que l'art d'aimer doit Samedi
Venir souper chez l'art de plaire.*

* La Marquise de Chatelet.

TO

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TO THE MUSES.

TRANSLATED FROM M. DE BERNARD.

GENTLE love and soft desire,
Muses! in your train be found:
Wit, unless the loves inspire,
Is an idle, empty sound.
Transient thus is beauty seen,
Where the graces are not known:
Eyes may yield to nature's mien,
But the mind by grace is won.
What, save love, a wish can gain?
Muses, yield as passion moves:
Wit a conquest may obtain,
But the heart its safety proves.

INVITATION OF M. DE VOLTAIRE.

FROM Paphos and Pindus directed, this card,
For Saturday next, is for gentle Bernard.
The soft *art of love* is requested, that night,
To sup with the mistress* of wit and delight;
When native simplicity, humour, and ease,
In learning to love will instruct how to please.

* The Marchioness of Chatelet.

CON-

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CONSTANCY AND LOVE.

Of all the blessings known below,—
And few those blessings prove—
The greatest, sure, that mortals know
Are Constancy and Love.

The woes of life, though sometimes loud
And sometimes dark they prove,
Catch rays of comfort on each cloud,
From Constancy and Love.

Partaken pleasures doubly please,
And on each sense improve;
Partaken sorrows too decrease,
Through Constancy and Love.

Such calm delights let those despise
Whose maxim is to rove;
Be ours the solid joys that rise
From Constancy and Love.

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On being asked, "Whether I had ever sincerely loved?"

THIS heart has lov'd so well, so true,
That ere the mem'ry pass,
Perfection must itself outdo,
And shew what DELIA was.
From DELIA's eyes the magic came,
That won my yielding breast;
So fierce at once, so pure the flame,
It broke, yet gave me rest.

In *her* all excellence I found;
The peerless mind and face:
Each word was love's inspiring sound,
Each smile a nameless grace.
Her looks were candour so exprest,
So free from mean disguise,
That confidence appear'd to rest,
And triumph, in her eyes.

Her wit, which no ill-nature knew,
Was honesty refin'd;
On native worth her wisdom grew,
To soft experience join'd.
Her music was that tender note
Which dwells on passion's ear;
Endearing sounds so chastely wrought,
That innocence might hear.

Though

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Though mistress of each pleasing art,
She seem'd a scholar still;
So slow the dictates to impart
Of more than human skill.
Whene'er she spoke, her looks convey'd
What language cannot speak;
Discretion all her bosom sway'd,
But nature rul'd her cheek.

If e'er she sigh'd, her sighs were such
As won the most austere;
Her converse was not half so much
As feeling wish'd to hear.
Her heart was pity's soft retreat,
The refuge of despair;
She sigh'd at tales of hard deceit,
And felt an equal care.

Where'er she mov'd, celestial light
Made ev'ry sorrow fly;
Her smiles were nature's best delight,
And truth's unfolding sky.
On me she smil'd—ill-fated hour!
And more ill-fated still
The law that bade her smile no more,
But own a tyrant's will.

A blush—Ah me! that e'er she blushed—
The precious truth explain'd;
With mutual heat my cheek was flush'd,
Nor was that heat disdain'd.

For

Digitized by Google

For soon the transcript of her breast
Bade expectation rise:
The written charm how oft I prest,
And answer'd with my sighs!

Nor sighs, alas! tho' heard and felt,
Nor candour could prevail;
On nature's ear they fondly dwelt,
Till duty crush'd the tale.
With all the warmth that passion knows
Discretion would retreat:
Ah me! that e'er such bitter foes
As pride and love should meet.

And canst thou ask if e'er I've lov'd?
Oh ask this heart as well,
If e'er with vital warmth it mov'd,
Or made my pulses swell.
When parents from their children claim
What sympathy must wound,
Authority's an empty name,
And *Care* an idle sound.

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On a Man of Letters being asked, what Equivalent he had given to a selfish Gentleman for having patronised him.

I GAVE—what none would give beside—
A wreath to deck that name,
Which, spite of all its wealth and pride,
Had ne'er been known to fame.

I gave—what few bards will impart—
Of gratitude the best;
And gather'd from my swelling heart
Each impulse it possess'd.

" Thou gav'st—some whisp'ring echo said,
" Too careless of the prize!
" Truth's dearest boast, to deck that head
" Which wisdom must despise!

" Thou gav'st, ungrateful to the trust,
" The Poet's noblest strain,
" To sooth what doats on gilded dust,
" And friendship must disdain!"

LINES

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LINES

Written at Sea, on looking at a Compass.

IN all the wand'rings of my soul,
The Gods have known me true;
For like the Needle to the Pole,
I always turn to you.

If chill misfortune should assail,
And cloud the joys in view,
Still, spite of ev'ry boist'rous gale,
I always turn to you.

And though gay Pleasure's rosy train
Unfold each magic hue,
O'er ev'ry scene those beauties reign;
I always turn to you.

In vain another would inspire,
Or make my heart untrue;
I feel, alas! but one desire,
And always turn to you.

The melting accents when I hear
Of love that's pictur'd true,
A fond remembrance charms my ear,
And always turns to you.

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Through all the changes of my life
Since faith and love agree,
In mutual comfort, mutual strife,
Oh mayst thou turn to me!

On a LADY *wishing me Health, and a pleasant Tour.*

WRITTEN AT DOVER.

WHEN shrilly loud the tempest blows,
And whit'ning billows fly,
Ah! sooner into calm repose
Shall all their tumult die,
Than absence on this troubled breast
Can bid oblivion pour
The balm, that gives me back my rest,
My gay, my cheerful hour.

And could those lips a wish impart,
Whose dear completion lies
Within the softness of that heart,
The languor of those eyes?
Ah! bid the flow'r, that, torn from earth,
Reclines its drooping head,
Give each expiring colour birth,
When all that cheer'd is fled.

FAREWELL

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FAREWELL *to* CHAUDE FONTAINE; *a Place in the Neighbourhood of* LIEGE, *on the Road to* SPA.

FAREWELL, dear seat, where beauty reigns,
And love and worth appear!
Then shall I quit thy varied scenes,
Without one tender tear?

Ah no! I feel the parting sigh,
It gathers as I go;
The trembling drop hangs in my eye,
And DELIA bids it flow.

Dear lovely maid! whose beauty fires
The valiant and the wise;
Whose beauty less than worth inspires
The magic of those eyes:

Oh, be thou blest, supremely blest,
With all that Heav'n can give!
Long life, much pleasure, health and rest,
Till thou no more *wouldst* live.

And when,—since ALL must part at last,—
Those charms shall fade in death,
May Heav'n an op'ning glory cast,
To catch thy fleeting breath.

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THE RELAPSE.

OH, how my heart within me beats!
Oh, how my pulses throb and glow!
Hither again, ye dear deceits,
Still let me love—It must be so.

Prescrib'd by him whose frown I fear,
Duty, perhaps, may murmur, No;
But when my Damon's voice I hear,
Nature replies—It must be so.

What if his fortune be but small?
What if his name no rank bestow?
Genius and truth will answer all;
Still let me love—It must be so.

Hither again, ye dear deceits!
Oh, how my pulses throb and glow!
Oh, how my heart within me beats!
Still let me love—It must be so.

DIS-

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DISAPPOINTMENT.

CANST thou still, obdurate maiden,
See my with'ring youth decay?
Peace and hope in darkness fading,
Far from thee their brightest day!
Far from thee I pine and sorrow,
Far from thee despairing move;
From each object vainly borrow
Charms to sooth unanswer'd love.

What avail the pow'r of thinking,
Wit and ill-dissembled ease?
Bid the shatter'd ship that's sinking,
Shun the tumult of the seas:
From the faithless anchor flying,
Bid the struggling rudder rest:
Then, in strains seraphic sighing,
Whisper comfort to my breast.

If compassion, grief beguiling,
Ever sooth'd a lover's wound,
Sure on beauty's aspect smiling
All its sweetness must be found.
Tell me then, of ev'ry feeling
Dear possessor! tell me why,
All its pains my heart revealing,
Still those eyes their balm deny?

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TO DELIA.

IF all the stars were made for me,
And ev'ry star was pleasure,
I'd freely give them all for thee,
Who art my only treasure.

The flow'r that scents the desert heath,
And decks the lap of nature,
Must yield its essence to thy breath,
Whose sigh is ten times sweeter.

The Di'mond vainly would eclipse
The lustre of those eyes;
And what's the rose, when, near thy lips,
Its brightest colour dies?

Since then nor flow'r, nor sparkling stone,
Can equal charms like thine,
May constancy the treasure own,
Oh let me call thee mine!

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TO MISS *****

IF e'er delusion o'er thy breast
In gilded visions rov'd,
If e'er thy fault'ring tongue express'd,
I know that I am lov'd;

With those thy secret wishes knew
Compare the joys I prov'd;
Who oft have said, and thought it true,
I know that I am lov'd!

But when experience tore aside
The charm thy soul approv'd,
If e'er thy trembling bosom sigh'd,
I fear I am not lov'd;

Ah pity one whose bleeding heart
Each sad extreme has prov'd;
From ev'ry comfort forc'd to part,
Because he was not lov'd!

Yet once, on wings of guiltless joy,
My laughing moments mov'd;
No cloud the prospect could destroy,
For, once, I thought she lov'd!

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Then what avails it, gentle friend,
In sentiment approv'd,
To bid each wish to virtue tend,
If truth must not be lov'd?

REASON AND PASSION.

LET not Passion govern Reason,
Or to wild luxuriance shoot:
Passion blooms a short-liv'd season,
Reason is a lasting root.
Cheerful as an April-morning
Passion at its birth appears,
Vernal tints each hope adorning,
Vernal smiles, and vernal tears:
For the tear of fervid pleasure
Like an April dew-drop is,
Brilliant as an Eastern treasure,
Transient as the zephyr's kiss.
But on solid truth relying,
When two hearts are join'd in one,
Reason, ev'ry change defying,
Gives an everlasting sun.

LINES

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LINES

Written upon the Continent during the French Revolution.

AH, thus in absence to repine,
And sigh for joys that once were mine,
  Each hour remembrance grieves me;
But when I think of griefs repaid,
By words and broken sighs convey'd,
  Ideal joy relieves me.

A thousand cares annoy me now;
I freeze with fear, with hope I glow,
  For still remembrance grieves me:
But when her temper I review,
So sweetly kind! so fondly true!
  Ideal joy relieves me.

Oft as I view the precious hair
That deck'd the temples of my fair,
  As oft remembrance grieves me!
But when her letters I peruse,
And on the dear delusion muse,
  Ideal joy relieves me.

While into scenes of blood I move,
That ill agree with gentle love,
  A sad remembrance grieves me;
But when—the gath'ring tumult o'er—
I turn to England's happy shore,
  Ideal joy relieves me.

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Mutual Love, stronger than Reason.

BANE of pleasure, tyrant Reason!
Woe-creating, luke-warm elf,
To each bliss awak'ning treason,
Would'st thou tear me from myself?
Vain, alas! thy pow'r must prove,
Whilst I feel, and cling to love.

What avails severe reflection,
If in life we fondly live?
Thought's a trespass on affection,
Poor the joys its visits give;
Looks and sighs can only move
Him who feels and clings to love.

Go, where pride is chain'd to folly,
Far from peace and blushing health,
Tear the bud of melancholy
From the maid that pines in wealth
But let *me* with DELIA prove
Nature's wisdom—*mutual love.*

LIVE

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LIVE AND LOVE.

WHILE, the tedious hour beguiling,
I with DAPHNE fondly toy,
Love, on ev'ry feature smiling,
Glows with unexhausted joy.
Broken sighs and looks discover
What the bosom would explain:
Nature thus relieves the lover,
And assuages ev'ry pain.

Soft content and love united
Wake each feeling into bliss;
Thus employ'd, and thus delighted,
Rapture breathes in ev'ry kiss;
What are—say—the boasted treasures,
Pomp or pride of erring man?
Rich in nature's choicest pleasures,
To *enjoy* is all our plan.

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ON SEEING MY DOG ASLEEP.

THRICE happy dog! thou feel'st no woe,
No anguish to molest
Thy peaceful hours, that sweetly flow,
Alternate sport and rest!

Man's call'd thy lord—Affliction's heir,
And Sorrow's only son!
Whilst *he* 's a slave to ev'ry care,
And *thou* art slave to none.

Blest near thy master thus to lie,
And blest with *him* to rove;
Unstain'd by guilt thy moments fly
On wings of grateful love.

Oh that *my* heart, like thine, could taste
The sweets of guiltless life;
Beyond the reach of passion plac'd,
Its anguish and its strife!

A CARD

A CARD

FROM

VENUS TO BACCHUS.

On the Consecration of an Epergné or Glass Hogshead.

BACCHUS once, inspir'd by reason,
Thus address'd his jovial train:
" Tell me, friends, at *any* season
" Should the *Graces* meet disdain?
" Though my grape its branch entwining,
" Soften half the cares of life;
" Love, excess of mirth refining,
" Turns us from insulting strife.

" Doubly sure those joys are given
" Which to manly spirits join
" *Looks* that form an earthly *heaven*,
" *Words* that nature feels divine,
" By the bottle sole enlighten'd,
" Wit in transient folly dies;
" Never yet has wisdom brighten'd
" Uninspir'd by beauty's eyes.

" From

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" From that Isle, where *sense* and *beauty*
" Are humanity's reward,
" Pleas'd with reason's dearest duty,
" Venus sends this friendly card—
' Where the Graces love to mingle,
' Letter'd taste and pleasure meet,
' Where the wedded charm the single,
' And the single shun deceit;

' Will the rosy god of pleasure
' To the consecration move,
' Of a cask, whose bounded measure
' Adds to humour, sense and love?
' Never more, to save the Graces
' From reflection's blushing pain,
' Shall the fair *resign* their *places*,*
' For ungentle wit to reign.

' Never more may truth surrender
' To fictitious scenes of joy.
' Ev'ry mind that's soft and tender,
' Converse loves which cannot cloy—
' *Converse*, aided by good-humour,
' From the flask thy nectar pours;
' Reason *laughs* at envious rumour,
' Conscious of its *harmless* hours.

* This alludes to the early manner, in which English Ladies withdraw from table; and the consequent loose that is given to conversation.

' By

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'By the queen of smiles invited,
'Hither haste, my cheerful friends;
'Since, with beauty wit united,
'Ev'ry rapture *Venus* lends.
'Malice may, from harsh ill-nature,
'Spread a noxious vapour round;
'But, regardless of the *creature*,
'Reason hands the *goblet* round.'

TO

TO MISS * * * * *,

On hearing her play on the Harp.

SWEET minstrel of the melting sound,
That wakes to thrilling anguish,
Oh! whilst you pour the note around,
And teach the soul to languish,
In pity turn from one, whose heart,
Ne'er cherish'd by compassion,
Still trembles at the subtle dart
Which woke it into passion.

So ev'ry joy that nature knows,
Of love the dearest treasure!
The pinion wave of soft repose,
And sooth you into pleasure:
Some happier youth may boast the sigh,
Which I might vainly plead for;
Some happier youth may charm your eye,
And gain what now I bleed for.

ANXIETY

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ANXIETY.

LINES—WRITTEN AT DOVER, TO MISS C.

IF the tide of restless ocean
Ever bore thy lovely form;
Toss'd and trembling with its motion,
Thou hast fear'd the bursting storm.

Anxious doubt, at ev'ry clamour,
To thy bosom gave its wound:
Whilst each breeze that fill'd the streamer,
Big with danger seem'd to sound.

Till at length the coast appearing
Wid'ning to thy longing eye,
Hope in ev'ry prospect cheering,
Whisper'd that repose was nigh.

In that breast, so lately troubled,
Calm content and pleasure rose;
Ev'ry rapture sweetly doubled
By the contrast of its woes.

Thus the fond believing lover,
Forc'd recurring woes to bear,
On his brow must oft discover
Anxious doubt, and killing care.

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On receiving a Present of little Value, considered as a mere GIFT, *but inestimable on Account of the* DONOR.

THOUGH few the rays this trifling present show,
Its hidden worth is richer than appears;
Awhile the Coral and the Ruby glow,
But friendship triumphs in the waste of years.

Question and Answer.

WHAT forms the Methodist? A wretch whose life
Has long been tinctur'd by remorse and sin.
With Heav'n and Earth, and with himself at strife,
Pray'rs hide *without* his wretchedness *within*.

EXPECTATION.

IF sighs are an index of love,
If love between hope and despair,
The struggle must patiently prove,
And all its uncertainty bear;

Ah

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Ah me! to what anguish is doom'd
A heart that is fetter'd like mine,
Whose hours are in sighing consum'd,
Whose fate is in secret to pine!

The smile that assuages my pain,
And lends it a moment's repose,
Is, perhaps, the false light of disdain,
That breaks o'er the cloud of my woes.
Distress, that in absence has pin'd,
When drawn from his exile at last,
In rapture observes ev'ry wind,
And thinks all his sorrows are past.

With canvas expanded he flies,
His wishes outstripping the gale;
Gay visions of ecstacy rise,
And flutter, and swell with the sail.
Each murmur that floats on the breeze,
Seems echo repeating his sigh;
Already dear Albion he sees!
Her cliffs sweetly beam on his eye.

Each feeling, transported to bliss,
Prevents what he fondly desires:
The faltering accent, and kiss,
The tale that in murmurs expires!
Delusion too fatally sad!
The cliffs scarcely gleam on his eyes;
Heav'n frowns and in thunder is clad,
And wreck'd on the billows he lies!

Ah

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Ah tell me—for who better knows
To picture the bosom's alarms?—
If anguish, or ecstacy, flows
From *that* which eternally charms,
To beauty, by provident Heav'n,
In pity to man's erring heart,
Should not a large portion be giv'n
Of reason, to temper the dart?

That eye, which, in wanton conceit,
Unfeelingly trifles with pain,
Should yield to another's deceit,
And fade in the gloom of disdain.
That heart, from whose pulses can rise
One throb in rebellion to truth,
Should sink with a burthen of sighs,
And wither to age in its youth.

Thus only, MARIA, can *he*,
Whose feelings are subject to love,
In passion's dominion be free,
And sweet sensibility prove.
For me, who by nature am taught
To value whatever's sincere,
Be *sympathy* only my lot,
And all that I covet is near.

ON

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ON THE DEPARTURE OF MISS ****.

AND thou art gone, my lovely friend!
And cheerful be the sportive day;
Long as it lasts each joy attend,
And pleasure smooth thy flow'ry way;

In native ease and bliss sincere,
Each moment sweetly flow along!
Yet while it flows, ah think, my Dear,
A moment's absence is too long.

ABSENCE.

AN ODE.

O ABSENCE—why art thou alone
A stranger to relief?
Compassion stills the loudest moan,
And sooths the bitt'rest grief:
But thou art joyless and forlorn,
Unsatisfied! unblest!
Still longing for thy Love's return,
And sighing still for rest.

When

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When some poor turtle in the vale
  Deplores its murder'd love,
And pours, on ev'ry passing gale,
  A murmur through the grove;
The widow'd dove, whose tender care
  Is waken'd by the strain,
Repeats the mournful note afar,
  And cheats him of a pain.

For still he thinks his partner near,
  The note's so like her own;
And while she moans, his list'ning ear
  Acknowledges the moan.
But thou art lost to ev'ry sound
  That murmurs on the gale;
For thee no charm in music's found,
  Unless it breathe thy tale.

In one wide waste, where blooms no flow'r,
  No sweets the zephyrs bear,
Where hollow blasts disturb each hour,
  And rend the ruffled air;
In that sad waste thou lov'st to rove,
  And ev'ry wish believe;
There, lost in dreams of musing love,
  Thy comfort is to grieve.

ABELARD.

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ABELARD.

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ARGUMENT.

HAVING accidentally seen the following passage in a book, entituled Vie d'Abeilard et d'Héloise, the situation of this unfortunate lover struck me so forcibly, that I could not refrain from attempting to describe one of those paroxysms of awakened passion, by which he must have been agitated at the commencement of his retreat.

' A peine Abeilard eut-il reçu l'ordre de prêtrise, que ' son supérieur lui commanda de se retirer, sans aucun ' délai, dans une petite maison de campagne, qu'il lui as- ' signa pour ses fonctions; ajoutant que le tumulte du ' monde, et le grand abord qu'il y avoit à Saint Denis, ' étoient contraires à des études si sérieuses; qu'un lieu ' retiré seroit plus convenable pour ses leçons.'

The candid reader will easily see, that, after what has already been written on a subject nearly similar, I could not presume to offer any thing more than an irregular transcript of sentiments and emotions, which the recollection of past pleasures, and the consciousness of unremitted persecution, might naturally produce. Exiled from all the active scenes of life, by the most barbarous and unprecedented effects of malice and revenge, his misfortune was increased in not finding that consolation which he had a right to expect

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pect under the roof of charity and virtue. In a situation of this sort, human nature will not easily forego imaginary comforts; and these are more frequently pictured to the mind by the contrast of what has been enjoyed with what is endured, than by the unsocial dictates of religion. Abelard, whose exquisite sensibility could not be overcome so long as he possessed the faculty of thinking, it is easy to be imagined, must have had many conflicts between the voice of repentance that urged him to future peace, and the murmur of recollection that dragged him into scenes of past enjoyment. It is in one of these instances of triumphant frailty, that he is supposed to yield to every impulse of roused imagination; to represent to himself the raptures of returned affection, and to experience all the inquietudes of faith and conscience questioned by humanity.

' La solitude, où j'ai cru trouver un asile contre vous, ' désoccupé de tout le reste du monde, vous laisse seule ' remplir mon cœur et mon esprit; & je suis convaincu ' que c'est un soin inutile de travailler à ne vous plus aimer. ' Toujours occupé de remords, ou d'amour, je n'ai pas un ' moment tranquille; j'ai beau m'éloigner de vous, votre ' idée & ma passion me suivent par tout. Je n'ai rien à ' espérer de l'amour, & je ne puis me donner à la vertu!'

LETTRE D'ABEILARD 'A HÉLOISE.

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ABELARD.

IN awful silence at Religion's shrine,
Whilst ev'ry thought I patiently resign,
And humbly meditate a world that lies
Beyond the tumult of complaints and sighs;
Where all is rapture, and where all are blest
With endless joys, and everlasting rest;
Still shall remembrance to my rebel heart
For absent ELOISE the wish impart!
Still on the glowing embers of desire
Must nature languish with unhallow'd fire?

Blest hours! on pinions of the brightest hue,
With joy triumphant that unheeded flew,
And fondly witness'd, in each scene ye mov'd,
The bliss that ABELARD and Nature prov'd;
How oft does mem'ry, with its busy train
Of past ideas, to my soul again
Recall each scene? Ah, whither are ye flown,
Blest hours of rapture, that were once my own?

From doubt, and cold unsatisfied belief,
Suspended hope, and solitary grief;

From

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From pictur'd scenes of happiness I turn;
Lights dimly seen, and never felt to burn!
Unblest contrition and its monsters fly,
To meet the beam of ELOISA's eye.
Sunk into dreams of visionary bliss,
Affection's throb, and agonizing kiss,
In mingling transports of attraction tost,
My reason vanquish'd, and its terrours lost,
With fond delusion from my God I tear
The gath'ring sighs of penitence and pray'r.
How faintly glimmer to my senses, then,
The smile of angels, and the fears of men!
Nor heav'n, nor earth, that rebel heart can move,
Whose pulse is passion, and whose object love.
In vain Religion to my partial eyes
Bids God in vengeance, or in mercy, rise;
In vain the bloody Crucifix appears,
And claims from ABELARD remorse and tears;
Points to the suff'ring innocent that hangs,
With passive meekness, in unequall'd pangs;
The slighted Scriptures from my hands I cast,
And yield futurity for what is past:
Of bliss immortal I resign the claim,
For sounds of love and ELOISA's name.
Still on that name in solitude I gaze,
To me more tuneful than the seraph's lays,
The soft illusion of its echoes meet,
And snatch the gleam of amorous deceit:
Still in its light imagination roves,
And basks enamoured on the form it loves;

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Recalls each image of unfeign'd desire,
Bliss unimpair'd, unquestion'd, and entire!
Endearing prospect, visionary joy!
When mov'd to madness, not a wish can cloy;
When nature, struggling with the keen excess,
Still sighs for pleasure, and would still possess.
To thee—dear impulse of my warmest thought!
Whose lov'd idea to my mind is brought—
Where'er I move (for fancy to the last
By sweet reality was still surpast)
To thee—Heav'n spare me to this sad retreat,
Ah, more than spare me, pardon the deceit,
From holy raptures by devotion giv'n,
One thought be spared me from insulted Heav'n—
From ev'ry pulse and fibre of my heart,
To thee the fondest of my wishes start.
Methinks I hear thee to my woes reply,
Breathe wish for wish, and answer sigh for sigh.
And can my ELOISE that hour review,
When trembling virtue from her bosom flew,
And gen'rous nature, heedless of alarms,
Was left to triumph in affection's arms?
The mournful echoes of thy last retreat,
Can they be loaded with the soul's deceit?
For how shall spotless piety refine
Desires that struggle to be lost in mine?
Or outward signs of penitence destroy
The swelling pulse of well-remember'd joy?
O'er wilds of bliss my giddy senses rove,
Through all the precious labyrinths of love;

No

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No clue to lead me to myself again,
Uncheck'd I range, and dissipate my pain:
Remembrance pours me, with unbounded sway,
O'er ev'ry charm that *vengeance snatch'd away.*
Once more I languish on that heaving breast,
Once more I press thee, and again am prest;
Prest to those lips from which so fondly broke
The keenest impulse that affection woke:
Prest to those lips, where in tumultuous strife
The struggling soul lay panting into life,
And wildly ranging from the vanquish'd eye,
Clung to the broken murmur of a sigh.

Ah me! if e'er, in wretchednes of pain,
Despair more poignant than the Muse can feign;
If nature, parting from the closest band,
The last sad pressure of a mother's hand!
Burst from itself, and into frenzy rose,
With all the gath'ring tumult of its woes;
If e'er in agonies of grief was seen
Severest anguish on affliction's mien;
When years of comfort suddenly decay'd,
And peace was buried in the darkest shade:
To me—sad victim of unequall'd woe—
May sorrow murmur, and its tortures show;
From griefs, superiour to their own, they'll turn,
And only fear, like ABELARD, to mourn.
Far, far from *him* each soft illusion flies,
Each transport sickens, and each rapture dies.

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When Hope no longer with her cheering ray
Breaks on the soul, and wooes her into day,
Resign'd and heedless of the world she turns
From all that charm'd, or impotently burns;
Of passive wretchedness the look assumes,
Preys on herself, and in herself consumes.
But where shall hope, my ELOISA, find
One ray to beam on my devoted mind?
Say, where shall grief and ABELARD retire,
If *thou* art absent, and if *I* desire?
Still into pensive wretchedness I move,
When Heav'n is vanquish'd, and I yield to love;
Insulted virtue from my heart retires,
And passion rules me with his fiercest fires.
Oh why—since nature in her wildest mood
Still loves to swell the current of my blood—
Must keen remembrance, from the sad remains
Of nerveless manhood, languish in my veins;
Still fondly meditate the joys I knew,
And bring each living rapture to my view?
Not Heav'n, that calls me from the pamper'd sod
Of earthly passion to myself and God,
Nor sleepless conscience, struggling to restore
My troubled pulse, and bid it throb no more;
Can into calm forgetfulness of woe
The cherish'd dictates of my bosom throw.
For still I love—the fond delusion still
Hangs on each thought, and fastens to my will;
Of ev'ry soft idea takes the lead,
And turns Religion to a dearer creed.

In

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In deep contrition melancholy spread,
What, if at times the balmy tear I shed,
On hope's soft pinion into visions rise,
And fondly snatch a respite to my sighs;
Earth's slightest want to recollection brings
Exhausted pleasures and augmented stings.
Not Heav'n in all its majesty of pray'r,
When angels tremble at the sounds they bear,
With drooping wings in adoration lie,
Can quell the passion, or repress the sigh.

Prostrate and low when MAGDALEN appears,
Chain'd to the cross, in penitential tears,
The just contrition and the cause I see,
And witness comforts never known to me.
Sure, in my keen solicitude I cry,
There's nought so wretched, or so lost as I!
For some deep crime, that Heav'n and virtue hate,
I feel the vengeance of unerring fate.
Sure something more than human frailty knows,
Some secret source of unexhausted woes,
Has wak'd Omnipotence to partial rage,
No tears to soften, and no pain assuage!—
Thou Pow'r of might, to mortals ever just,
In whom repentance has its only trust;
Whose will, in deep obscurity conceal'd,
By all acknowledg'd, is to none reveal'd—
To thee with holy consciousness I bend,
Revere thy wisdom, and adore its end;
To thee the weakness of my soul I pour,
At early matins, and the midnight hour;

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To cold, dumb images, to shrines I press
My trembling lips, and piously confess.
The cold dumb images, the shrines appear
To pity waken'd by the sighs they hear.*
Rapt into scenes of innocent delight,
To heav'nly splendour, from the womb of night,
Eager I rise, each earthly sorrow fled,
And seem to wander with the sainted dead.
Unkind deceit! how suddenly returns
Each sense that flatters, and each pulse that burns!
Quick to my heart my ELOISA flies,
In all the languour of unanswer'd sighs.
" Though more than human misery be found
" On mournful PARACLETE's unfriendly ground,
" Of soothing memory canst thou resign
" The partial wish, nor add one sigh to mine?
" Without the pow'r, had we the will to sin,
" To cheer a sad vacuity within,
" Sure this, my ABELARD, may still be ours;
" Tho' mine to trespass, to reform me yours.
" Still from that tongue, whose murm'ring echoes swell
" With ev'ry pray'r, and ev'ry bead I tell,
" The same dear accents would have charms to move,
" And lift my wishes to celestial love.
" If mine each transport that thy bosom knew,
" Ah, doubly mine! be mine its anguish too.

* These lines are humbly imitated from one of Mr. Pope's delightful passages in his Eloisa to Abelard.

" From

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" From roseate bow'rs thro' wilds of thorns I'd stray,
" With thee, my ABELARD, to point the way;
" With thee to meditate offended Heav'n,
" With thee be punish'd, and with thee forgiv'n."
Are these the raptures solitude has brought,
A gilded Paradise that smiles in thought?
Eternal sunshine, which, unknown to storms,
Plays o'er the calm imagination forms.
To me how transient does the blessing prove,
Oppos'd by nature, and disown'd by love!
Unequall'd doom! of wretchedness the source,
Where e'en repentance is itself a curse,
And virtuous tears, that trickle down my face,
Are met by sighs, and turn'd from heav'nly grace!
Is there no path for misery to stray,
And weep the tortures of the soul away;
No kind remission to be gain'd from time,
And in the punishment to lose the crime?
Or, if the cause for ever must remain,
For ever mark'd and pictur'd on my brain;
If still triumphant o'er each pray'r I speak,
On ev'ry thought my ELOISA break,
And still regret with memory return,
In sad solicitude to weep and burn!
Is there no Providence—and nature feels
A something stronger than the mind reveals;
Else why these fears that torture and appal,
When one bold impulse might annul them all?—
Is there no Providence for him whose doom
Is life to hate, yet tremble at the tomb?

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In death to live, ah, worse than death to prove
The mingled horrours of insulted love!
By Heav'n directed to this last sad spot,
Where even ELOISE must be forgot;
And yielding nature, piously serene,
Attempts to lose what ABELARD has been;
Ah me! what recks it to be lov'd and mourn'd,
If conscience tell me that I'm inly spurn'd;
Spurn'd by myself, detested in each sense,
And doom'd to deprecate a lov'd offence?
Calmly to meditate, yet keenly feel
What neither time nor piety can heal;
Nor faith, triumphant in its worlds unknown,
That fondly deems them better than our own,
To restless fancy gives unbounded scope,
And soars to rapture on the wings of hope.
Nor faith, nor time nor piety can bear
My troubled conscience from the woes I share:
In vain from nature it attempts to roam;
Reflection drags me to my wretched home;
There finds regret, that sickens at relief,
Sighs for the past, and broods upon each grief:

* * * * * * * * *

THE

THE DEPENDANT;

AN EPISTLE.

*Written in Consequence of a Conversation which the Author had with his worthy Friend Captain****, at* MAGDEBOURG, *who was on his Way to* RUSSIA, *in* 1782. *He has endeavoured to clothe in poetical Language Sentiments which he heard delivered with all the Energy of Prose.*

WHERE will at last my wretched wand'rings end?
Where shall I find contentment and a friend?
Not such as grandeur, in its polish'd trim,
Lends honest faith in charities of whim:
Not such as CLODIO, with a boasting mood,
Affords his nearest relatives in blood?
Whom famish'd nature to his gates has borne,
The bitter pittance of his hand to mourn:
Not such as sycophants from fools obtain,
The transient earnest of a venal strain!
Or new-created insolence affords,
Mongrels in rank, and *visionary* lords!*

* Les insensés! qui ne voient pas que ce n'est point la place qui fait la vraie grandeur. WERTER.

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But such as Freedom, with unclouded mind,
Can dare receive, and publish to mankind:
Where friendship, careful of its friend in need,
Prevents the burning blush, and hides the deed.

On ev'ry side by disappointment foil'd,
With hopes deceiv'd, and promises turmoil'd,
Misfortune gathers on my sick'ning eye,
And melancholy prompts the gnawing sigh.
And can my friend—whom Heav'n has kindly blest
With ev'ry comfort of the human breast;
Whose dearest pleasure is to sooth distress,
Its sorrow soften, and its sigh repress,
To ease, by stealth, the miseries of life,
And scatter roses o'er the thorns of strife—
And can my friend the memory renew
Of scenes to which I breath'd a long adieu?

When anguish, visiting secluded care,
Within the deep recesses of despair
Her dwelling takes; ah! what avails it, then,
To talk of friendship, or the ties of men?
Ah! what avails it from ourselves to fly,
Or mingle comfort with affliction's sigh?
Lull'd for a time the bitt'rest grief may rest,
To wake with tenfold anguish in the breast.
And if the solace of AMINTOR's vain,
What other balm can mitigate my pain?
Oh that oblivion could enwrap the whole,
And close each information of my soul!
Contented then, this restless heart at ease,
No friends to promise, and no views to tease!

Unknown

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Unknown to all the flatt'ry which beguiles
Full many a youth, and ruins with its smiles;
Unknown to luxury's destructive ways,
The wanton harlot's, or the villain's praise,
In rural peace my spotless hours might run,
My wishes equal, and my prospects one!
E'en thou, mad Love! thou tyrant of mankind,
Faithless to all, to *me* the most unkind;
Save Education, first and direst foe!
From which, with knowledge, all my sorrows flow—
E'en thou, mad Love, my troubled heart wouldst spare,
And scatter comfort in the room of care.

How blest is Ignorance, whose humble lot
Is just to vegetate, and be forgot!
No spark ethereal, such as wisdom knows,
(Wisdom, the surest entrance into woes!)
Shines o'er the cottage of unletter'd ease,
Where rudest nature and her gambols please.
Untouch'd by grandeur, or ambition's ray,
The peaceful night's an index of the day.
Health o'er his fields the whistling peasant leads,
Contentment bright'ning where each wish succeeds.
On hard necessity's industrious plan,
His only study is the wants of man:
For them the plough-share through the furrow's drawn,
For them his fleeces whiten o'er the lawn.

O THAMES, majestic guardian of the plain,
Where beauty triumphs and the graces reign;

Where

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Where ling'ring Freedom, as her last retreat,
In British liberty maintains her seat;
(And may that liberty, my pride and boast!
Unalter'd flourish on our envied coast!)
Oh how I wish to muse along thy side,
Far from thy neighbour's poverty and pride;
Pass o'er each charm, each little scene review,
And with remembrance many a joy pursue.
Oh how I long thy fruitful banks to see,
The spacious meadow and the winding lea;
The peaceful vale where flow'rs unnumber'd rise,
Where nature wantons in her choicest dyes,
And earliest zephyrs from the south repair,
To gather fragrance for the vernal year!
What if Italia boast a cloudless sky,
And France unrivall'd luxuries supply;
In servile languour droops oppression's slave,
While Britain triumphs on her native wave.
Active and bold her dauntless children roam,
Each country gleaning for their dearer home.
On Calpé's blazing height, or in the vale
Where echo murmurs to the peaceful gale,
Unbroken still the vig'rous *Briton* moves,
Smiles at each danger, and his freedom loves;
Sees, with exulting transport in his eyes,
From native oaks triumphant navies rise:
No ties restrain him, and no views controul,
The *patriot* bright'ning on the *father*'s soul!—
From all the pleasures of domestic life,
A prattling infant and a tender wife;

From

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From ev'ry relative that sooths below,
The Briton plunges on his country's foe;
Looks at destruction with unalter'd eye,
And drops, if conquer'd, with a patriot's sigh.
Alluring thought! on which my soul has dwelt
And fondly triumph'd in the pride she felt,
When rip'ning manhood bade her pant for fame,
And all my wishes were a soldier's name.
Ah! why so soon the flatt'ring dream destroy,
And bid me mourn imaginary joy?
To comforts, dearer than ambition knows,
Reflection leads, and points me to repose.
Back through the paths of guiltless youth I move,
And trace, with many a sigh, my native grove.
Ah scenes belov'd! to me more precious far
Than all the gay magnificence of war!
How throbs my heart to meditate each flow'r;
The hawthorn twining thro' the darkling bow'r,
The slighted blue-bell peeping thro' the corn,
The rose uncultur'd, and its scented thorn:
Dear scenes of youth, of innocence and ease!
Where virtue charm'd, for not a vice could please!
Compar'd to you, how grandeur sinks away,
A gilded torture in illusion's ray!
With you—divested of her useless pride,
No art to cheat, or prejudice to guide—
Plain nature triumphs, unadorn'd and fair,
Without one teasing fashionable care.
And though the vain, the giddy may contemn
Her russet garb, and all her ways condemn;

Yet

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Yet hence the blessings of a kingdom rise,
And hence is drawn the very wealth they prize.

Ah! what avails the momentary blaze
Of shifting fashion, and its venal praise?
Can stars or gilded coronets afford
A dearer comfort to their garter'd lord?
Or silks the tortures of a breast conceal,
And teach ennobled apathy to feel?
Is virtue more congenial to the crown,
Than spotless honour in the meanest clown?
And are the smiles of innocence more pure
Among the wealthy virtuous than the poor?
Yon hearse can witness, as it moves along,
That *all* are equal in the mould'ring throng:
Disease could witness, ere the parting breath
Bade anguish cease, and lost its pang in death,
That *all* are subject to affliction's tear,
And none completely blest, or happy here.

Yet once—ere manhood with its sick'ning train
Of various griefs and complicated pain,
Ere tyrant sense simplicity destroy'd,
And curs'd the bosom with an aching void—
This heart, so pang'd and agonizing now,
In rays of peace sat smiling on my brow.
To ev'ry feeling of my soul attir'd,
The morning came, and as it came retir'd.
No pains could trespass on that happy breast,
Whose toil was pleasure, and whose sports were rest.

Each

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Each duty flatter'd by the winning smile
Of him, whose praise would sooner mend than spoil,
Made study brighten with a cheering ray,
And fondly clos'd the profitable day.

How, kindly lur'd and innocently sped,
My wishes hasten'd where affection led!
How sweet each toy that flatter'd my young heart,
To take with rapture all the school-boy's part!
The morning pray'r, the nicely figur'd food,
Which, though not rich, was wholesome and was good;
The wish'd-for kiss, the lesson of the day,
The precious penny for the hour of play;
The sugar'd cake, that glitter'd in my bag,
And made me hate the very name of lag;
A father's smile that brib'd my little breast,
And made me love what others would detest;
The prize of learning, which, though small, seem'd great,
The gilded volume, or the sculptur'd plate:
Ah me! what joy, what rapture to be read
First in the list, and of each form the head!
From pleas'd mamma some precious gift receive,
And share the dearest kisses she could give.

How often, springing with the rest from school,
Light as the morn, I loiter'd round a pool;
At duck and drake the little combat tried,
And sent my soul with ev'ry stone I plied!
How often, heedless of the stream beneath,
I leap'd the ditch, and measur'd o'er the heath;

More

More blest, if matchless in the race I prov'd,
Than WOLFE expiring for the fame he lov'd!
More charm'd to conquer where no sorrow rose,
Than snatch one laurel from my bleeding foes.
Along the green what various tricks I play'd,
How oft I wrestled in the neighb'ring shade;
Climb'd the tall tree, and on its trembling bough
Exulting triumph'd o'er the crowd below!
Whilst to my breast an infant passion stole,
And pour'd its object on my wak'ning soul.
Ah scenes belov'd! to me more precious far
Than all the gay magnificence of war!
No secret care my pleasures could destroy;
The morning rose, and with it rose my joy.
No restless sighs the coming ev'ning cross'd,
In guiltless joys each fleeting hour was lost:
To mutual raptures, innocently lent,
Our bosoms heav'd, and settled in content.

Such were the hours of youth and harmless ease,
No day beginning but those hours could please;
And such the promise, which in fondness grew
On ev'ry scene imagination drew:
Serenely clear the tide of being ran,
Till time had urg'd it into boist'rous man.

Unkind remembrance! whither wouldst thou bear
Distress, already tortur'd to despair?
O come, thou soft oblivion, man's best friend,
Breathe o'er my soul, and bid her anguish end;

Quench

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Quench in my breast the wild-devouring fire
Of thoughtless passion, and its vain desire;
And then may virtue, reconcil'd at last,
In spotless peace forget the guilty past;
With ev'ry impulse of my breast agree,
And point where truth and innocence are free!
And thou, my friend! if still thy bosom knows
The safe and lasting earnest of repose;
If struggling Nature 's by thy reason taught
To yield the sensual for the godlike thought—
Still keep the path, and shun the canc'rous smile
Of female softness, destin'd to beguile:
Far from thee cast seduction's luring bait,
Nor yield to charms whose poison stings too late.
Loose on her couch the trait'ress fondly lies,
With marshall'd feelings, and lascivious eyes;
In artful negligence her limbs repose,
And various attitudes those limbs expose:
Whilst am'rous looks, a secret magic roll,
Arrest each sense, and fascinate the soul;
Wake ev'ry sensual feeling of the breast,
Till lust enjoys what hundreds have possest.

Blest, as thou seem'st, with ev'ry pleasing art,
And form'd by Nature for the noblest part:
With youth to bear thee where thy feelings tend,
And sense to point them to the worthiest end;
Beyond the reach of disappointment plac'd,
Secur'd by fortune, and with titles grac'd;
On Britain's coast, where all that's beauteous moves,
Thou soon shalt flutter till thy bosom loves.

Then

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Then wilt thou share the fond enrapt'ring sigh,
The melting softness of a British eye:
Then wilt thou, far from Italy's deceit,
And French delusion, *feel* that love is sweet,
Partake the bliss which nuptial honours lend,
And fondly mix the lover with the friend.
Unequall'd transports to that shed repair,
Where virtue brightens o'er a wedded pair;
Unequall'd sorrows to those joys succeed,
Where reason blushes at illusion's deed.
The very tear, that dews a mother's cheek,
A dearer rapture to thy heart shall speak,
Than all the joys a libertine can boast,
Whose brightest transports are distress at most.

Oh that *my* heart, a stranger to the truth
Experience prompts, could vindicate my youth!
Reflection's thorn from reas'ning manhood tear,
Or make the pangs of conscience less severe!
Illusive wish! whose momentary beam
Gilds, for a time, imagination's dream,
And fondly leads us, as our feelings urge,
Through life's vicissitudes to folly's verge;
Why to the mind a baseless fabric shew,
To rack the bosom when it wakes to woe?
Add to this bleeding heart one torture more,
And tear it slumb'ring to my native shore?

Yet there, alas! what could this bosom find
But wav'ring friendship, fashionably kind?

Prompt

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Prompt to advise, and, oh, too prompt, I fear,
To wound misfortune with a galling sneer!
The deed in private generously done,
By kindness feeling for desert alone,
Too oft in public all its value drops,
To flatter women, or encourage fops.
Insulted Freedom, to resentment mov'd,
Shrinks from the crowd, and spurns the man she lov'd.
The blush, that, mantling o'er the cheek of pride,
Betrays what vanity might wish to hide,
To calm reflection miserably shews
That half our kindness from ambition flows.
How then, my friend—tho' dearer to my soul
One native acre than the world's controul—
Ah, how, of sentiment the willing slave,
Could fashion teach me what I hate to brave?
In sumptuous dulness what does reason find
But gilded sloth, and barrenness of mind?
When genius, pall'd by insolent parade,
Sighs to be lost in meditation's shade,
To talk with nature in unfetter'd ease,
No rank to flatter, and no lord to please,
What magic, tell me, can our wishes lead
To scenes where sycophants on folly feed?
To feel so little in a crowd of fools,
So much beyond their nonsense and their rules,
That with an equal appetite we sit
To share their banquets, or to taste their wit,
Is more than Tantalus was doom'd to own,
Who saw each comfort, and was blest with none.

Here

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Here let me range, till Heav'n or chance has spent
The rankling shafts of pain and discontent;
Whilst you,* my friend, a servant at your side,
Whom use has made interpreter and guide,
With spirits op'ning like the new-born day,
To fair Italia gladly bend your way.
And though stern winter, gath'ring on your eye,
Expand the rigour of a frozen sky;
Though hills, array'd in everlasting snow,
Which seldom mixes with the streams below,
In unaccustom'd majesty surprise
The trav'lling youth, and fix his gazing eyes;
Yet dauntless fancy bears you thro' the whole;
The neighb'ring warmth and prospects fill your soul;
The rough Tyrrol's already left behind;
Recorded wonders crowd upon your mind;
And all you've read or heard of ancient years,
In local ruins to your view appears.

So flies my friend—and may that Heav'n which lent
An easy fortune, wisdom, and content,
Still smile where'er thou go'st; may reason guide
Thy youthful bosom from insulting pride.
Thus nobly born, let not, ignobly proud!
Thy conduct sink thee lower than the crowd;

* The young gentleman to whom this address is directed, was on the eve of his departure for Italy in the beginning of November; at which time the author separated from his unfortunate friend, and pursued his journey to Prussia.

Or

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Or wounded friendship meet thee with a tear,
Lament thy weakness, and bewail thy sneer.
For me—whom fortune sees with look askance,
Whose fate is checquer'd by the hand of chance—
Still to the Great—hard lot for him who feels!
Whose soul's in tumult while his brow conceals
The yoke she bears—still to the Great I fly,
And watch the sunshine of a courtier's eye.
Through various scenes I've pick'd the crumb of life,
Contentment seeking, and avoiding strife;
Peaceful, when honour whisper'd to be still,
And much too proud to prostitute my will.
Lull'd into thoughts of momentary rest,
Delusion cast its magic o'er my breast:
Still as I mus'd the gilded meteor shone,
Each hope was flatter'd, and each object won.
I'd heard of friendship, kindling at distress,
By virtue driven to relieve and bless;
The godlike impulse dwelt upon my ear,
And as I heard, I fondly wish'd to hear.
Though bleak misfortune ev'ry scheme invade,
I still have friends! in foolish faith, I said:
I still have friends, with all my wishes rose,
Stole to my breast, and lull'd it to repose;
Till sad reality, delusion's foe!
Each errour stripp'd, and bar'd the lurking woe.
Thus into manhood rose my barren youth,
Through falsehood gilded by apparent truth.
Though in each place, each custom, and each plan,
My keenest study was the mind of man,

I've

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I've still to seek—and let the world believe,
For *that* which wounds, forbids me to deceive—
I've still to seek, from peasant to the lord,
The man who *promises*, and *keeps* his word.

THE

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ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY

OF THE

RIGHT HON. LADY RANCLIFFE,

ONLY DAUGHTER

OF THE

LATE SIR WILLIAM JAMES, BART.

She departed this Life on the 18th of January, 1797, being Queen Charlotte's Birth-Day, and was interred in the Family Vault, at Eltham, on the 28th following.

MULTIS ILLA FLEBILIS OCCIDIT.

I.

RANCLIFFE, farewell!—If e'er good temper shone
Through female softness with ethereal grace,
The tender excellence was all thy own,
For truth confirm'd each promise of thy face.

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II.

Though early lost, warm Recollection still
Basks in the smile that gave affliction rest;
Thy social feelings could each hope fulfil
That Nature whispers to the human breast.

III.

To pour assistance to the friend in need,
To share the blessings, largely lent by Heav'n,
Such was thy rule of ev'ry thought and deed,
To such dear duties were thy wishes giv'n.

IV.

So fall the Great, the Lowly and the Proud,
Wrapp'd in a small circumference of clay;
Their brightest ornament a simple shroud!
With all that owns it destin'd to decay.

V.

So sink the wealthy——even she——whose birth
A nation celebrates while RANCLIFFE dies—
Must, soon or late, like RANCLIFFE turn to earth,
And from one level with the beggar rise.

VI.

Once more farewell!—a long, a sad adieu!
Till Heav'n shall spread its everlasting year!
This mournful tribute to thy worth is due;
Not even Envy can refuse it here.

VII. This

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VII.

This verse from one, who loves all ranks alike;
Who on the palace and the cottage sees
Death's giant arm inexorably strike,
With quick destruction, or with slow disease.

EPITAPH.

STRANGER or friend, whoe'er thou art, draw near
And read the precept which is taught thee here.
While birth-day pomp and ostentation stand
To breathe their homage on a sceptred hand,
RANCLIFFE expires—Where, Grandeur, is thy boast?
One hour a Peeress, and the next a ghost!
Be this deep lesson to the proud convey'd,
" Youth, Wealth and Beauty are a lifeless shade."
And when they read what Candour spreads to view,
Let Reason tell them—THEY SHALL VANISH TOO.

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CONSOLATORY LINES

TO LADY RANCLIFFE'S AFFLICTED MOTHER

LADY JAMES,

WRITTEN AFTER THE FUNERAL.

I.

WHEN Youth, Good Temper, Sense and Beauty die,
The grateful Muse in *heartfelt* mourning goes;
Her sorrow's deeper than what meets the eye,
And far beyond the pageantry of clothes.

II.

As fashion varies, modish grief appears—
To-day full sable, and to-morrow half—
The next in colours, at affliction's tears,
With thoughtless pride, the very mourners laugh.

III.

Not so the Muse. Above all outward show,
Oft to departed excellence she turns
The mind's regret, and, while her numbers flow,
The loss of RANCLIFFE unaffected mourns.

IV. RAN-

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IV.

RANCLIFFE, whose heart was Nature's soft retreat,
The friend of merit and its dearest pride,
Lov'd grandeur, only to be kindly great,
And felt for others, even as she died.

V.

Sighs and regret are all the Muse can lend,
The tender records of acknowledg'd worth;
Endearing Sympathy mourns Nature's friend,
And Mem'ry saves her from the wreck of earth.

VI.

Oft to where *Eltham holds her dear remains,
Where kindred ashes in one tomb appear,
Afflicted Genius shall repeat his strains,
And sorrowing murmur—RANCLIFFE *slumbers here*.

VII.

And thou, sad victim of maternal woe,
Son, husband, daughter, destin'd to deplore!
In earth's first blessings though a bankrupt, know
That Heav'n preserves them to be lost no more.

VIII.

Back to thy arms each tender pledge restor'd,
Nor Death nor Time can make thy treasure less;
In soft communion with their joyful Lord,
The child and parent shall each other bless.

* A small village in Kent, where there is a vault belonging to the family.

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ODE.

MORNING THOUGHT.

Written 1776, *at the English Academy in* LIEGE, *where the Author was educated.*

ON silv'ry feet the rosy dawn
Now lightly treads the dewy mead:
AURORA brightens o'er the lawn,
And Zephyr plays in ev'ry reed.
All Nature wakes! all Nature's gay!
The purling rivers gently stray:
The feather'd choirs in ev'ry grove
Load Echo's faithful ear with harmony and love.

See! bounding on the fiery car,
Hyperion grasps the blazing reins!
A wide effulgence streams afar,
And gathers on the gilded plains!
In ev'ry field the Dryads sing,
From ev'ry stream the Naiads spring:
Their snowy plumage to the day
The birds of MOSA* spread, and catch the bright'ning ray.

* The river Meuse, which runs through Liege.

" All-

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" All-working pow'r! pervading soul!*
" O God! surpassing all extent!
" Thy spirit feeds this mystic whole,
" And operates, alone unspent!
" In ev'ry plant thy beauty blows,
" In ev'ry star thy virtue glows;
" The murm'ring streams are full of thee,
" Life without source or end, and Heav'n's Eternity!

" From thee descends the genial flame;
" Illuminating flame, that pours
" On nature's lap the pregnant beam,
" And blazons man's superior pow'rs:
" By thee the winds, that fiercely sweep
" On whistling pinions o'er the deep,
" Are fledg'd: whilst earth, unbiass'd still,
" Urg'd thro' the mighty void, is subject to thy will.

" Thy spirit feeds, in falling dew,
" The rip'ning fruit of nature's bed;
" Thy spirit raises to the view
" From dust the mountain's tow'ring head:
" From barren rocks, impregn'd by thee,
" The sparkling diamond we see;

* This Ode having been written at a very early period of the author's life, the critical reader will treat it with the indulgence a school boy might reasonably expect.

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" Heav'n's* azure owns thy searching pow'r:
" The sun through thee ascends, and mutt'ring tempests
" low'r.

" By thee the polar axle bends,
" With planets pav'd from either sphere;
" The globe unshaken still impends
" Upon an equal poise of air."
Eternal rounds!——Ah cease, my lyre!
A Seraph's voice, a Cherub's fire,
Would sink before the dazzling theme;
When prostrate angels gaze, and tremble at the NAME.

TIME.

AN ODE.

Written among the Ruins of an Old Abbey, 1780.

TIME conquers all!—I heard the sound
Echoing thro' yon mould'ring tow'r;
Where sculptur'd ruins load the ground,
And Ivy forms a solitary bow'r;

* Did not the sun thro' Heav'n's wide azure roll'd
For three long years the royal fraud behold?
POPE—HOMER'S ODYSSEY, BOOK II.

Where

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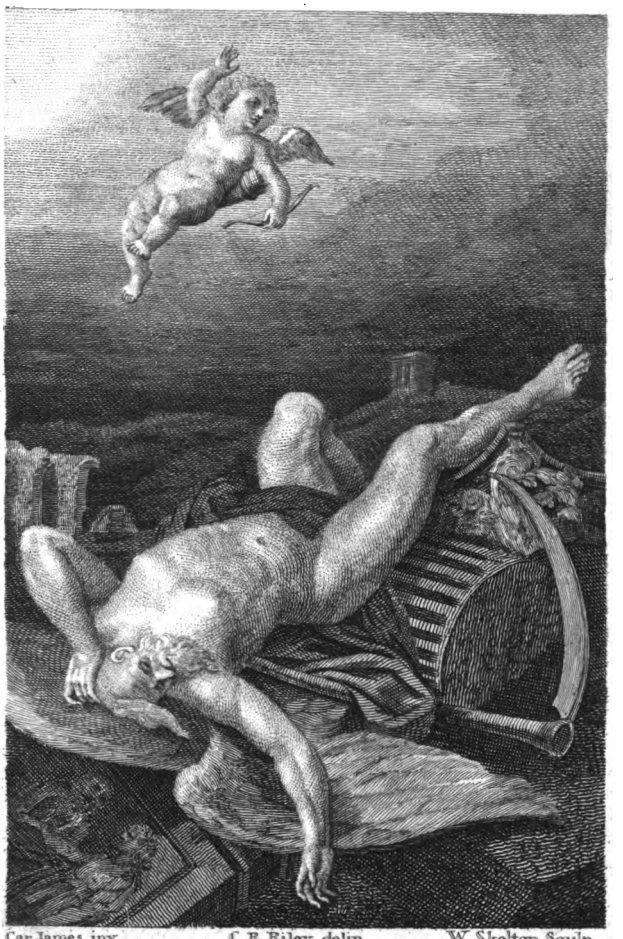
TIME VANQUISHED BY ETERNITY.



Car James inv. C. R. Riley delin. W. Skelton Sculp.

Whilst Time himself — from Heav'n I hear
The sacred truth descend,
With all his spoils shall disappear,
And in Eternity the triumph end.
From his grasp, behold
Relinquish'd Love his quivring plume display,
New-born and uncontroul'd
By earthy weight, he Soars, and floats in endless Day.

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Where midnight owls retreat,
And self-distressing Melancholy reigns;
Save when tumultuous ravens meet,
And pierce the gloomy round with shrill untuneful strains.
Hark! once more the sound I hear—
Sorrow's accents flow the same;
All is hush'd, and Fancy's ear
List'ning turns to whence it came.

'Tis she!—the threadbare garment flies
In tatters to the gale:
Her wasting cheeks and hollow eyes
Give awful sanction to the Muse's tale.
'Tis she! 'tis drooping ART,
That sees her monuments and trophies fall
Before the touch of TIME's keen dart;
While slow decay consumes, and gently saps thro' all.
See! beneath yon crumbling bust
On her trembling hand she leans;
Wrapp'd in monumental dust,
Not a perfect line remains.

TIME *conquers all!* The young, the gay,
The valiant, and the old,
Must, spite of Hope's alluring ray,
This truth adore, *and be what they behold.*
The breathing stone shall feel
A tyrant ruin on its structure prey;
And fading colour must reveal
That painting is, at best, a momentary day.

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View my lov'd Palmyra spread
Crumbling o'er the barren soil!
Whither are its beauties fled?
What avail'd the mighty toil?

Embalm'd beneath yon pile is laid
Triumphant Folly's son;
Ev'ry glorious feat 's display'd,
His warring chiefs', his soldiers', and his own.
The pyramid may tell
The crimson horrours of insensate war:
How must reflection pitying dwell,
To find those sunk in dust who rode on victory's car!—
E'en for Heav'n's eternal year,
When we leave this earthly round,
What 's the tale that 's whisper'd here?
Can it pierce the callous ground?

TIME *conquers all!*—Creation feels
And trembles as he treads;
The traitor *here* in ambush steals,
There waves his scythe, and desolation spreads.
E'en prest and closely bound,
Shorn of his wings, the God of Rapture lies:
No more his shafts can wound;
His lightnings languish, and his magic dies.
Passion from the wrinkled brow
Sick'ning turns his sated eye;
Pulses cease to throb and glow,
Breasts to heave, and hearts to sigh.

The

The sun exhausted in his orb,
The stars shall melt away,
Exulting TIME the whole absorb,
And quench expiring day.
Of darkness pow'r supreme,
Outliving light the shapeless void he sways;
While nature's parting beam
Shoots o'er the dreary waste, and in its gloom decays.
O'er the gen'ral chaos spread
All that's human gone and past;
Still he lifts his hoary head,
Of creation first and last!

Yet TIME himself—from Heav'n I hear
The sacred truth descend—
With all his spoils shall disappear,
And in ETERNITY the triumph end.
From his grasp behold
Relinquish'd Love his quiv'ring plume display!
New-born, and uncontroul'd
By earthy weight, he soars, and floats in endless day.
Struggling still, and still undone!
In the wreck and waste of things,
See him hurl'd from nature's throne,
TIME, the vanquish'd king of kings!

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FRAGMENT.

DESPAIR in all its horrours rose—
I madden'd with my pain!
And, spite of parents, sex, or foes,
Rush'd frantic to the plain.

For there, regardless of my sighs,
The ball had reach'd my dear:
No other groan, that pierc'd the skies,
Save HENRY'S caught my ear.

Soon o'er my kind, my much belov'd—
All charming e'en in death!—
With trembling lip I fondly rov'd,
And warm'd him with my breath.

But cold the tear that from me fell,
And cold the breath remain'd:
In vain I wept, and sigh'd, farewell!
And to the skies complain'd.

Deaf was that ear, so wont to start
Whene'er my voice it heard;
And clos'd that eye, in which his heart
With liveliest beams appear'd.

Mute

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Mute was that tongue, which gently sigh'd
The language of his breast:
No more his throbbing heart replied,
Or flutter'd when I prest.

O Death! if this be nature's lot,
If all that 's lovely die,
Be ev'ry charm of life forgot,
Since ev'ry charm 's a sigh.

MODERN PATRONAGE.*

AN ODE.

'I ASK'D—when Heav'n and fate had marr'd
'The schemes that poets fondly frame—
'Of him who long had call'd me bard,
'A pittance to secure my fame.

* Chatterton's fate and disappointments first gave birth to this Ode. In comparing his situation with that of many of the present hour who are lavishly encouraged, I could not help reflecting, that genius and understanding must have little hopes of success, unless they deviate from candour and good-sense into fulsome adulation. The breach of promise, which this unfortunate writer experienced, sufficiently proves, that if the feelings and spirit of the man be equal to the dictates of the writer, sensibility will get the better of luke-warm prudence and convenience.

Repugnant

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' Repugnant to my troubled soul,
' Was ev'ry sentence of the scroll,
' While Freedom, wounded by the word,
' Expiring sigh'd—"Be *mean*, and serve a Lord.

" Go—to thy genuine spirit dead,
" Enfeebled instrument of state!
" By int'rest or by folly led,
" Be all thou *shouldst not* for the great.
" Caught by the dazzling blaze of pow'r,
" Basely profane thy dearest hour:
" Live with thyself in endless strife,
" And hug oppression for ungrateful life.

" Go—to corruption's dirty band
" The venal sycophant and tool!—
" Suck to the vitals of the land,
" Ambition's jest, and Fortune's fool!
" And when misfortune, or disease,
" Shall bid the false enchantment cease,
" Aghast see dissolution's gloom,
" And ask what makes thee tremble at the tomb?"

' Alarm'd and stagger'd with the sound,
' Indignant honour to my breast
' Bade stern reflection give its wound,
' While conscience woke to murder rest.
' A thousand cares and pangs appear'd;
' Despis'd and courted, lov'd and fear'd,
' I dragg'd my wearied soul along—
' A foe to grandeur, and its fawning throng."

How

How weak the laurel in whose shade
Mere grandeur basks its fleeting time!
Scarce is the boasted trophy made,
And fondly sketch'd the venal rhyme;
Scarce is the flatter'd hero spread
In mould'ring ruins with the dead,
Than Truth, unconscious of the tale,
Deserts the pile, and all its glories fail.

But when, to virtuous acts inclin'd,
And all that 's truly good or great,
The Muse would make the godlike mind
Survive the tyrant stroke of fate,
Beyond the lapse of wasting years
Her monument AFFECTION rears,
And snatches from the wreck of earth
The kindred names of HAGGERSTON and Worth.*

* This sincere tribute to the innate goodness of an individual, who has done much good without tumult or ostentation, is meant as a contrast to the false splendour of affected patronage, so ungenerously exhibited towards the unfortunate Chatterton.—*See Walpole's Letter to Chatterton.*

ON

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ON

THE MARRIAGE

OF THE

RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF MOIRA

WITH

COUNTESS LOUDON.

HEAV'N, in its wisdom, had the World survey'd,
And, for good purposes, a RAWDON made.
On MOIRA's mind each quality was shed
That decks the living, or adorns the dead;
To him Heav'n gave each excellence; and then
Bestow'd an Angel on the best of men.
With LOUDON's hand the purest honour came,
To shine benignant round a MOIRA's name;
Nor was the gift to female worth confin'd,
For *LOUDON's spirit breathes in MOIRA's mind.
Ages unborn from such a pair shall get
The bright example which to us is set;
From son to son their virtues shall descend,
The Good to cherish, and the Bad to mend.

* The celebrated Field Marshal LOUDON, of whom Frederick the Great, of Prussia, always spoke in the highest terms of praise.

From

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From MOIRA's breast the Good themselves shall take
A nobler impulse for Affliction's sake;
While LOUDON's eyes congenial comfort give,
And help the wretched and the poor to live.
Thus shall the bright, the good Memorial stand,
And both be known as Patterns to the land.

RATIONAL AFFECTION

OR,

THE WAY TO LIVE ALL THE DAYS OF OUR LIVES.

Written on hearing the Song, by Dr. Walcott, "The Golden Moments are gone by."

THE golden moments are not gone:
For Recollection brings
The dear delights our hearts have known,
The joys my LAURA sings.

Though Time has chang'd our flowing hair,
Our minds are still the same;
For Truth and Constancy are there,
To shield the nuptial flame.

Through checquer'd months and circling years
Our hearts are still at home;
Serenely bright Love's torch appears,
And burns beyond the tomb.

She

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She sings of Love, whose temper'd bliss
Outlasts the glare of Youth;
Which settles in the cordial kiss
That warms the lip of Truth.

E'en should my LAURA cease to live,
Remembrance, just and true,
Would still the precious record give
Of all the joys we knew.

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.

THOUGH constant as the constant dove
My DAMON may appear;
Though, when he speaks, his actions prove
That ev'ry word 's sincere;
Yet, as each moment that we live
Takes something from our youth,
At Hymen's shrine, O take and give
The recompense of Truth!

For Cupid feels a dear delight
Poor mortals to mislead;
But Hymen, with a constant light,
Rewards them in his stead.
By him reliev'd from anxious care,
We safely may repose;
But all our hopes a thorn must bear
Till Hymen guards the Rose.

A SIGH

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A SIGH AND A TEAR.

IN weeping the maid whom I lov'd with esteem,
How transient do life and its comforts appear!
Its brightest enjoyment dissolves to a dream,
And all that is left is—a Sigh and a Tear.

The raptures that swell'd in my ROSAMOND'S breast,
The languor that play'd in her love-breeding eye,
Beneath the cold turf are for ever suppress'd,
And nothing is left but—a tear and a sigh.

And yet there's a comfort in thinking of those
Whose virtues before us so frequently rise;
A mild consolation steals over our woes,
And grief has a charm in its—tears and its sighs.

MAN AS HE OUGHT TO BE

WITH RESPECT TO WOMAN, WHEN SHE IS WHAT SHE OUGHT NOT TO BE.

THREE different classes in three different ways
Their feelings show, when female art betrays.
The Coxcomb pines; the Weak Man vents his wrong:
The Sage withdraws, and wisely holds his tongue,
Conceals the wound Ingratitude has giv'n,
Just breathes a sigh, and leaves the rest to Heav'n.

ON

ON LADY HAGGERSTON

PRESENTING THE COLOURS TO THE DURHAM YEOMAN-CAVALRY.

THE Durham shall in battle stand
As loyal as they're brave,
Rememb'ring that an Angel's hand
The floating standard gave.

One spirit, breath'd from man to man,
Shall in each rank appear;
For Beauty's gift adorns the van,
And Honour guides the rear.

Blest Island, where that virtue glows
Which native ties afford!
Where Beauty bids us meet our foes,
And Valour wields the sword.

United thus in heart and hand,
What can proud Gallia do?
Determin'd foes our Yeomen stand,
And foes our Women too.

Then into action let us rise
On Virtue's lasting plan:
To guard Creation's dearest ties,
We fight the foes of man.

A SCOTCH

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A SCOTCH SUBSTITUTE FOR A COMPASS AT SEA.

A CAPTAIN once—his compass lost—
Address'd a wary *chield* of Forth,—
" This ocean never can be crost,
" Unless we find where lies the North."

Shrewd Sawney from his golden head
A something pick'd that never errs;
Then to the anxious Captain said,
" I'll soon relieve you from your fears:

" Now, mark it *weel*, my honest friend,
" See where it turns its eager mouth;
" A Caledonian louse, depend,
" Will always *gang awa'* due South."

EXTEMPORE LINES,

REPEATED TO A MAN WHO WAS A GREAT SPECULATOR WITHOUT ANY TALENTS.

SO many *irons* in the fire you hold,
That none, I fear, will ever turn to *gold*.
Perhaps the wondrous burthen of your head
May sink—from superfluity of *lead*.

AN

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AN AUTHOR'S CONSOLATION

FOR MISTATING HISTORICAL FACTS.

ON many a subject though the learned say
That I have err'd, and widely gone astray;
To other judges I with comfort look:
For fools think otherwise, and *buy* my book.

CHARLOTTE'S BIRTH-DAY.

MY CHARLOTTE on this day was born—
The Loves and Venus know it;
With fragrant wreaths my brows adorn,
For I am CHARLOTTE'S Poet.

I sing, that at my charmer's birth
The Graces flock'd around her;
Some latent charm each calling forth,
While Cupid fondly crown'd her.

Spring gave the God each op'ning flow'r
That decks the lap of Nature;
Selecting from his choicest bow'r
An emblem of each feature.

The

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The lily join'd her spotless mien,
With crimson tint adorning;
And on her dewy lip was seen
The rose-bud of the morning.

The vi'let in her breath was prais'd,
No scent was sweet without her;
And when her lovely eyes she rais'd,
'Twas sunshine all about her.

Like mountain-snow her bosom rose,
To Nature's impulse swelling;
And there his seat warm Passion chose,
And Candour took her dwelling.

Her eyes were mirrors rarely known,
Like daylight, nothing screening;
In ev'ry look distinctly shone
Her heart and all its meaning.

Such was the birth of her I love
And cherish most sincerely:
Her constant Bard I'll ever prove,
And sing the record yearly.

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MY WORLD WITHOUT END;

OR THE

ANTICIPATION OF HEAVEN.

THE heart once engag'd, can it beat for another,
Or even to kindness a passion return?
Oh, can it, my Friend, the warm sentiments smother,
Or quench what by Nature is destin'd to burn?

Alas! I too well in this bosom discover
A fond lov'd idea which nothing can part;
Though Friendship may charm, all its infl'ence is over
The instant I think of the Lord of my Heart.

Then talk not of duty, nor yet talk of reason,
For neither can conquer stern Nature's decree;
'Gainst both I must always be guilty of treason,
While Nature impels me, sweet WILLIAM, to thee.

Yes, *thou* art the charm, the delight of thy MARY,
On thee, and thee only, her wishes attend;
In thinking of thee she can never be weary,
For *thou* art my world, and my world without end.

ODE.

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MY DOG TRUDGE.

HOW keen a contrast in a dog we find,
Compar'd with half the tempers of mankind?
For ever grateful and for ever true,
To please his master is his only view.
On him he waits, to him he lifts his eye;
For him contented, or to live, or die.
With honest firmness looks him in the face,
Unchang'd by fortune, circumstance, or place.
Caught by no strange variety of whim,
The gorgeous palace has no charms for him.
The straw-built cottage, or the desert air,
To him 's a palace, if his master 's there;
In wealth or wretchedness *he's* all his pride;
He loves his master, and loves none beside.
Not so the courtier, vilest of vile things,
At once the dupe and instrument of Kings!
As fortune changes, or as fashion rules,
He yields his judgment unto knaves or fools.
With recent honours, mantling round his *Crest*,
And not one spark of honour in his breast!
Coward at heart, yet obstinately proud;
In wisdom silent, and in folly loud!
This reas'ning reptile struts, with garter'd knees,
Whilst *Instinct* shames him in each dog he sees.

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THE LOVERS' QUARREL.

WRITTEN ON THE SHORTEST DAY IN DECEMBER, 1803.

WE quarrell'd on the *shortest* day;
The sweet result was this:
We laugh'd the *longest* night away
In scenes of mutual bliss.

Oh, may it thus for ever prove
With hearts that know no guile:
An *instant* be the frown of Love,
A *century* the smile!

THE COXCOMB's TEAR.

To Miss * * * *

THE tear that marks the Coxcomb's cheek
From Feeling seldom flows;
His sighs no other language speak
Than what vain Fashion knows.
To Sentiment a restless foe,
To Virtue never true,
His rapture is another's woe;
His triumph, to undo.

From

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From him the sigh, the ready tear,
Each tempting Beauty draws:
His creed is never once to hear,
But laugh at Honour's laws.
Then tell me not that tears and sighs
Are proofs of honest Love,
Since ev'ry Villain's *marshall'd* eyes
In seeming truth can move.

Ah! rather learn to prize that heart
Which struggles to conceal
The passion those dear eyes impart,
The secret pangs I feel.
The tears these eyes so often drop
To day-light are unknown;
For ev'ry gushing tear I stop
Till I can weep alone.

ON A PROUD MAN.

PYGMALION 's proud—you ask me why?
I really do not know:
His looks and words are very high,
But all his ways are *low*.

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By such extremes if mortals think
In character to rise,
To mute regret let Wisdom sink,
'Tis folly to be wise.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

I LOVE thee, CHLOE—shall I tell thee why?
Because I think there's candour in thine eye;
That no deceit thy youthful bosom sways,
But honour dictates all my CHLOE says.
If I be right, Heav'n keep me still the same!
For CHLOE's kindness is my dearest aim.
If I be wrong, Oh, let me still be so;
For there is bliss in ignorance of woe.

I CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT THEE.

WERE I denied my lovely fair,
Not Heav'n itself could please me;
For, if my DELIA was not there,
Its very joys would tease me.
Then ask me not, enchanting maid,
If I can love thee dearly?
No vows, I'm sure, were ever made
Or utter'd more sincerely.

Yes,

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Yes, by those melting eyes I vow
No man e'er lov'd as I do:
To thee alone my wishes flow,
Thee only do I sigh to.
All day my thoughts are fix'd on thee,
All night I dream about thee;
No other joy my soul can see:
I cannot live without thee?

ON HEARING THAT A CERTAIN PERSON'S BILLS WERE MUCH IN CIRCULATION.

THOUGH MILO's paper float about the town,
And in loose ways by looser hands be shown,
The breath of Slander cannot reach his name;
His worth is spotless and untouch'd his fame.
Each want created by a wish to bless,
His very debts are Charity's excess.
Hear this, ye sordid Usurers! and learn
To feel for others 'midst the trash you earn.
Hear this, ye purse-proud miserable crew,
And do to others as you'd have them do;
Learn, if you can, from MILO's boundless heart,
To act a gen'rous, yet an honest part.

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THE BRITISH WARRIOUR.

AS SUNG BY MR. DIGNUM.

THE Soldier knows that ev'ry ball
A certain billet bears;
And whether doom'd to rise or fall,
Dishonour's all *he* fears.

To guard old England is his plan:
Unaw'd and undismay'd,
He fights her battles like a man,
And by her thanks is paid.

To foreign Climes he cheerly goes,
By duty only driven;
And when he falls, his Country knows
For whom his life was given.

Recorded on the front of day,
The warriour's deeds appear;
For him the Poet breathes his lay,
The Virgin sheds her tear.

Regardless of each hostile aim
Thus NELSON'S godlike mind,
Absorb'd, and full of England's fame,
To England was confin'd.

No

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No selfish views could steal a part,
Or add one private care;
The ball that rush'd upon his heart,
Found England rooted there.

THE NEW-MADE LORD.

LINES WRITTEN IMPROMPTU TO A GENTLEMAN OF LANDED PROPERTY.

A NEW-MADE Lord is one of those strange things
That squanders gold on tinsel, stars, and strings;
That throws industrious ancestry aside,
And sinks their worth in equipage and pride.
Among old Lords of all esteem bereft,
And scorn'd or pitied by the race it left,
This foolish creature struts about the town,
Without one wish, or feeling of its own.
At Courts a bauble, laugh'd at by the Great,
And in the mob a mockery of state!

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ON A MAN OF BAD CHARACTER BEING SENT TO PRISON, AND TAKING A TAME PIGEON WITH HIM AS A COMPANION.

A QUIBBLING wretch, upon whose downcast look
Sat all the plund'ring mischief of the *Rook*,
Commenc'd a sneaking scriv'ner of the town,
Without one honest tenet of his own.
At length, out-witted by his own foul lies,
He went to prison to grow just and wise.
Nor wise nor just this ingrain villain grew,
For still he kept his former tricks in view;
And, lest the knowledge of these tricks should die,
Preserv'd a *Pigeon* constant in his eye.

THE HOME QUESTION.

IS there a land, some whisp'ring genius cries,
Whose leaders once were honest and were wise;
When Freedom walk'd with Reason on her side,
And public honesty was public pride?
Such land there was—yon pensive form exclaims,
When Freedom gloried in three matchless names.
Alas!

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Alas! how chang'd, instead of one, they prove
Three diff'rent pow'rs, and diff'rent ways they move;
Each for itself a wild direction takes,
And private wealth on public ruin makes.
What Truth calls little, Policy stiles great,
And Common Sense is exil'd from the state.
That land, which once substantial glory crown'd,
Is now converted to a land of sound!
Of prating senators just come from school!
And rul'd by things that never learn'd to rule.
A land of law where cunning takes the lead,
Where guilt escapes, and worth is doom'd to bleed.
A land of statutes, where corruption rules,
And knaves play booty with ennobled fools.
From such a land—if such a land be known—
And may it never, never be our own!
From such a land, Heav'n take the just and good,
And leave corruption to its own foul blood:
On that to fatten till each folly's o'er,
And waken'd vengeance bids it feed no more.

THE LAW IS SLOW AND SURE.

THAT law, like med'cine's slow and sure,
No mortal can deny;
For when two patients seek a cure,
They both are sure to die.

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BEAUTY AND GOOD SENSE.

" EARTH's brightest gem! ethereal ray!
" How transient, Beauty! is thy sway,
" Since Time can be thy foe;
" Say, whither from this languid eye,
" This fading cheek, when doom'd to fly
" Ah! whither wouldst thou go?"

Thus ANNA sigh'd—matur'd in charms,
Yet visited by strange alarms
At Beauty's threaten'd waste;
Alas! she little thinks that Time,
Can never do away the prime
Of Temper, Truth and Taste.

THE DUELLISTS.

CUI BONO?

TOM swore he'd quarrel—Be it so, replied
A calm companion seated at his side—
But ere you quarrel, recollect, my friend,
To break how easy! but how hard to mend!
The blow once given, into fragments fly
Whole years of friendship, and discolour'd lie.
Actions,

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Actions, as pure as ever mortal knew,
Are reckon'd selfish, and are call'd untrue.
Each tells his tale, as each would have it told,
And sometimes even at the price of gold.
Through venal paragraphs the venom flows,
And on each paragraph fresh rancour grows;
Till tir'd with writing, *HONOUR's voice they hear,
A voice that's waken'd by the coxcomb's sneer,
Not such as valour, if insulted, owns,
And boldly speaks to monarchs on their thrones—
But such as cowards, or as madmen take,
And selfish principles in folly wake.
Behold them hurried by delusion's call;
Their cause committing to a pistol ball!
Each fires his piece, upon a signal giv'n,
And both are left to ridicule, or Heav'n.
So pass these heroes of an idle shot;
In life scarce notic'd, and in death forgot.

THE GLUTTON.

WHO lives to eat, but never eats to live?
A wretch, like HELLUO, whose ambition rests
On soups and stews, which pride and folly give,
Without one gen'rous feeling for his guests.

* *i. e.* Fashionable honour; such as governs gamblers, knaves and pickpockets.

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THE BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK.

A BEGGAR once on horseback got,
And gallop'd off with glee;
Lord! how I go, exclaim'd the sot,
Was ever man like me?

Confounded at his impudence,
His Betters all gave way;
For he despis'd each modest fence,
That other men obey.

A good opinion of himself,
He never ceas'd to have;
'Twas thus he liv'd in fame and pelf,
And died a titled knave.

Then be not modest, if you're wise,
But do as others do.
By impudence how many rise!
By modesty how few!

THE

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THE MODERN PATRIOT;

OR ALMOST EVERY MAN HAS HIS PRICE.

AFFECT devotion to OLD ENGLAND'S cause,
And mouth out English Liberty and Laws;
At public meetings bellow for JOHN BULL,
And call each Minister corrupt, or dull:
Till into notice, by degrees, you get,
With nought against you, but a little debt.
Alas! that debt, so little as it seems,
Destroys the texture of your patriot dreams.
In vain you publish, that you're firm and true,
Each brother Patriot is as poor as you.
So sink your hopes of reformation's plan,
And all your prospects in *the Rights of Man*:
Those rights, alas! non-entities appear,
When stern JOHN DOE and RICHARD ROE* draw near.
At length cold-blooded prudence steps between,
And softly whispers—be corrupt and mean;
Go! tend your services at yonder gate,
Where spies are courted, and where scoundrels wait.
Your senses listen; eagerly you go,
Write what you think, and more than half you know;
With other scoundrels secretly are class'd,
And die a worthless pensioner at last.

* Two pot-companions well known in every town and village of the Empire, but strangely disavowed by both Houses of Parliament.

THE

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THE DIFFERENCE

BETWEEN A CERTAIN LADY OF FASHION, AND A PLAIN COUNTRY GIRL.

HEAV'N's in her eye, whenever CŒLIA's mute,
But when she speaks, she looks a very brute:
Heav'n's on her mouth, whene'er her lips are clos'd,
But when they're open'd, Hell itself's expos'd.
Thus CŒLIA's nothing, but a gewgaw drest,
A pretty piece of furniture at best.
At routs and levees she may flaunt away,
Admir'd by dulness! and with folly gay!
There let her shine; in aromatics stink;
But keep her, Fashion! from all men who think.
Sweet! simple girl, whom nature loves to see,
Whose mouth's a rose, without a thorn, to me;
Whose teeth, like snow-drops in the blush of morn,
Whene'er it speaks each heav'nly smile adorn—
Sweet, simple girl, to thee I turn my mind,
And fly from half the follies of mankind.

EXTRAVAGANCE AND MEANNESS INSEPARABLE.

CARELESS of pounds, yet fond of pence,
TOM bargains for a feather;
Thus meanness and extravagance
Are always link'd together.

THE

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THE TRUE CAUSE OF JACOBINISM.

THE reign of Jacobins, you say, is gone,
And love and loyalty surround the throne?
While taxes grow from Sinecures ill-giv'n,
And starving industry is left to Heav'n;
While int'rest only can obtain command,
And skill and merit disregarded stand;
Stand to behold our reputation lost,
In lawless plunder on a distant coast;
Tho' men be mute, yet trust me, honest friend,
The reign of Jacobins can never end.

LINES WRITTEN, IMPROMPTU, ON THE BACK OF A MEMORIAL, WHICH THE AUTHOR WAS REQUESTED TO PRESENT TO A CERTAIN NOBLE LORD.

YES! wants, of ev'ry sort and size,
His Lordship's pity claim;
For clear himself from all disguise,
He thinks mankind the same.

They always take him by his heart;
The reason would you know;
Because it is his weakest part,
And never answers—No!

TO

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TO A NOTORIOUS CHARACTER,

WHO ALWAYS INDULGES HIMSELF IN THE GROSSEST EXPRESSIONS, UNDER AN AFFECTATION OF WIT.

WHEN RUFUS talks of other folks,
And gives a loose to filthy jokes,
Some persons think him witty;
But sense and reason hear him prate,
And, looking at his ruddy pate,
His want of wisdom pity.

Then RUFUS! cease to play the fool,
Or once again repair to school,
To give thy tongue correction;
For age is creeping on apace,
And thou hast almost run a race,
Which cannot bear reflection.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

TO AN OVERBEARING GENERAL, WHO WAS ONCE IN THE RANKS.

"SIR! I'm a soldier," angry MILO cry'd—
"You *once* were one," an officer reply'd.

THE

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THE BITER BIT.

CLYTUS, in principle and conduct mean,
And govern'd only by revenge or spleen,
Of one he hated, and, of course, abus'd,
Some foul aspersions eagerly perus'd.
To friends and enemies the tale he bore,
To all he carried adding something more.
Till Candour softly whisper'd in his ear,
—And what she spoke was honest and sincere—
" Alas! poor CLYTUS—spite of all your hopes,
This author's figures, and high-colour'd tropes,
When once the living character you view,
You 'll curse his luck—for not one word is true."

THE LIBELLER OUTWITTED.

YOU say that DICK's a most ill-natur'd man,
Revenge his doctrine, and abuse his plan!
That when he hates, he spits his venom forth,
And makes you all things, but a man of worth;
Of ev'ry crime some fancied sketch affords,
And vents his malice in the coarsest words;
Calls liar, rascal, hypocrite and cheat,
In terms that candour blushes to repeat?
With each original within his breast,
DICK only copies from himself at best.

A FLASH

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A FLASH IN HUMAN LIFE.

I KNOW a man so full of evil,
So prone to quarrel and offend,
That sooner than not play the devil,
He'd contradict his dearest friend.

Yet, strange to say, his heart 's so rotten,
That after running tilt at all;
He humbly hopes each word 's forgotten,
Because he trembles at a ball.*

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TALKING AND ACTING.

ON diff'rent topics how weak mortals prate,
And are, or would be Ministers of State!
Though CLODIO simper, and though RUFUS bawl,
Each thinks himself the wisest, after all.
Alas! how little do these praters know,
That whilst they're talking, others strike the blow.

* This gentleman often *talks* of fighting.

THE

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THE INFANTA OF SPAIN.

On feeling himself incommoded by the Sun.

A SPANISH Prince—the infant truly nam'd,
From imbecility—thus once exclaim'd:
" Why, unpermitted, with offending ray,
Sheds yonder orb intolerable day?
Am I not born to govern all I see,
And shall the sun be troublesome to me?"
His wiser tutor—standing at his side,
With calm composure to the prince reply'd.
" The pow'r that waits thee has been wisely giv'n
To govern man, not interfere with Heav'n;
The slightest beam from that refulgent orb,
By Heav'n directed, could the globe absorb.
When call'd to govern, may the task be thine,
Like that to warm, to cherish and refine
Inferiour beings—but remember still,
Though Kings may *govern*, only GOD can *will*."*

* The doctrine of *Sic Volo, Sic Jubeo,* has long been exploded in civilized nations; I wish this truth could be unequivocally acknowledged among all crowned heads.

ADVICE

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ADVICE IS DANGEROUS.

A FRIEND once ask'd me some advice to give;
I gave the counsel which I thought was best;
Discharge your debts, on little dare to live,
And with that little have untroubled rest.

So candour spoke—in arms his passions rose,
His reason yielded to the voice of pride;
My very friendship turn'd us into foes,
And bade the dearest of our ties subside.

A MAN WHO LIKES TO HEAR HIMSELF TALK.

A Chatt'ring coxcomb, with more tongue than brains,
And full of all that solid sense disdains;
Pert at reply, and noisy in debate,
O'er men of letters once in judgment sat.
Ancient and modern, both alike he blam'd,
And useless jargon all in print proclaim'd.
Authors and books he treated with a sneer;
When common sense thus whisper'd in his ear:
" On those who write, if so much censure fall,
" Pray what are they who never write at all?"

QUI

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QUI S'EXCUSE, S'ACCUSE.

A FRENCH SAYING EXEMPLIFIED IN THE CONDUCT OF AN ATTORNEY, WHO SENT IN HIS BILL, AND ENDEAVOURED TO SHEW HOW MODERATE IT WAS, BY ACCOMPANYING EXPLANATIONS.

OLD QUIRK's so eager to be reckon'd just,
In all he charges for his time and skill,
That though most worthy he may seem of trust,
He always sends excuses with his bill.

Not so the French—with them this proverb reigns:
"The men that eagerly themselves excuse,
"Create suspicions, spite of all their pains,
"And by their eagerness themselves accuse."

NULLUM NUMEN ABEST, SI SIT PRUDENTIA.

"WHAT shall I do?" a giddy spendthrift said,
New debts incurring, and the old unpaid!
Cry'd Sawney—calmly supping up his broth—
"Go! cut your coat according to your cloth!"

LINES

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LINES WRITTEN IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE FOLLOWING PASSAGE IN THE FRENCH ACCOUNT OF THE LATE VICTORY OVER THE PRUSSIANS. 1806.

"The Imperial Foot Guards, enraged at not being allowed to "press on, while they saw that every other corps was in motion, "several voices among them cried out, *Forward!* What is this? "said the Emperor, this can only come from some *beardless* boy, "(i. e. to use the words of Junius, some unfledged ensign) that "gives orders independent of me; let him wait till he has "commanded in thirty battles, before he takes upon him to advise "me."

ON! on, brave man—if brave thou art—
And by thy senseless fury shew,
That folly with the boldest heart,
Is nothing to a skilful foe.

To mount a breach, or scale a wall,
The common soldier's equal to;
But skill alone hears vict'ry's call,
And moves the fiercest dangers through.

Then learn thy trade—for war 's an art,
Like others to be deeply read—
And to a HECTOR's heedless heart,
Add something of a NESTOR's head.

Fas est et ab hoste doceri.

THE

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THE CONTRAST

BETWEEN ENNOBLED FOLLY AND INDUSTRIOUS GOOD SENSE.

TO——

HAD I been born, as, CLYTUS, thou hast been,
Or thou like me, from lowly soil had'st mov'd,
Still forc'd to struggle for the golden Mean;
How diff'rent, CLYTUS, must our fates have prov'd?

Without diminishing the wealth I found,
Or meanly striving to extend my store,
I would have scatter'd daily blessings round,
And been the known protector of the poor.

In vain would vanity have met my view,
With all the dazzling nonsense of parade,
In vain have whisper'd—what has rank to do,
But cheat the wretches for its service made?

To sober reason, and to common sense,
I would have turn'd, and scorning folly's voice,
From lazy grandeur, and from dull pretence,
Made solid wisdom my resource and choice.

Yet what art thou? with titles and with wealth,
And, (brought by both,) with parasites at hand,
Can'st thou ensure two cloudless days of health,
Though art and nature wait at thy command?

AN

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AN EPITAPH,

MADE BEFORE THE OBJECT OF IT HAS DEPARTED THIS LIFE. 1792.

WHEN in the tomb that pamper'd frame shall lie—
And soon or late, the proudest lord must die;
What other record can the Muse afford,
Of man dishonour'd in a booby lord,
Than simply this:—Here lies a titled knave,
Whom fortune gave what merit ought to have;
Whose heart was callous to ingenuous truth,
A fool in manhood, and a child in youth!
Whose head was stor'd with nothing but chicane;*
Though pompous, mean, and ignorant tho' vain;
Who got his rank, his creditors to cheat,
A mute insolvent in a venal seat.
From such a wretch disgusted I retire,
And leave the son to redden for the sire;
To bear his honours, meekly if he can—
Forget the baron, and assume the man.

* This lord has all the feelings, and, as far as his humble abilities can go, all the practice of a low and qui tam attorney; except that he generally becomes the dupe of his own artifice and folly.

THE

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WHICH IS THE MOST ESTIMABLE CHARACTER?

DICK boasts of wealth, yet never once was known
To do a kindness, but to self alone.
At dawn of day for gen'rous self he'll rise,
But leave the wretched to their tears and sighs.
JOHN, with a narrow competence at best,
Relieves the poor, and gives misfortune rest;
Both night and day his little he affords,
And does in actions, ten times more than words.
Between the two, if reason must decide,
Of human nature is not JOHN the pride?
While DICK—self-bound for better and for worse—
Of social order is the living curse!

THE COQUET.

WE 're told that beauty conquers all:
If this be true, say DELIA! why,—
Before those charms since hundreds fall—
In me you should not wake a sigh?

The reason 's clear: with winning grace
While winning accents flow,
They hear your tongue, and see your face,
But *I* your temper know.

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WHICH IS BEST,

TO BE THE FOUNDER OF ONE'S OWN FORTUNE BY FAIR AND HONOURABLE MEANS, OR TO RUIN THE CHARACTER AND INHERITANCE OF OUR FOREFATHERS BY PROFUSION AND VICE?

O SAY, CLÉANTHES, since you value birth,
And think a title better than plain worth,
See wond'rous magic in a garter'd heir,
Because you trace him up, to God knows where;
Yet, whilst you trace him, find each virtue gone,
His rank dishonour'd, and himself undone!
O say, CLÉANTHES,—for you know the great,
And all the foolish pageantry of state—
Which most should talk of parentage or line?
He, last of his, or I, the first of mine?
He! base betrayer of his father's fame;
Or I, who give my family a name?
Who rise from earth, where all alike began,
To tread the path of independent man.
I, who to rank have never bent the knee,
Without a consciousness of being free!
Or he, encircled with his stars and strings,
Who owns no merit out of lords and kings.
Ah! let him strut and fret his hour away;
Be ours, my friend, the everlasting day
Of sense and truth; in honest pride to live,
And vain of that which grandeur cannot give.

ON

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ON SEEING MRS. P— IN HOPTON CAMP,*

DURING THE SUMMER OF 1793, WITH A PLUME AND HELMET.

WHEN PALLAS first the Grecian heroes led
To TROY's fam'd walls, the feather deck'd her head;
The glitt'ring helmet round her temples play'd;
But wisdom mark'd the military maid.
Oppos'd to PALLAS, beautiful and young,
O'er ILION's walls the Cyprian Goddess hung;
To guard ÆNEAS Heav'n's whole pity mov'd,
And warmly pleaded for the cause she lov'd.
Thus HOMER sings; nor be the tale deny'd,
For P——s ranges on the poet's side.
She!—fair descendant of a chief that brav'd
The Indian's rage, and England's honour sav'd—
In Hopton Camp, like PALLAS, now appears;
By wit refines us, and by kindness cheers.
Whene'er she moves, a leading star we find,
A VENUS guided by MINERVA's mind.

* A spot upon the coast of Suffolk, about seven miles from Yarmouth.

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THE REPARTEE

OF FONTENELLE TO AN OLD LADY OF FASHION.

A LIVELY Frenchman and an Author too,
One hundred years had almost travell'd through;
As gay at ninety as at twenty-five,
And in each circle just as much alive.
A Dame of Fashion—also much in years
And in full exercise of tongue and ears—
Thus once address'd the philosophic sage:
Dear Sir, I think we're nearly of an age?
Hush! hush! Dear Lady! or you'll spoil our lot,
For Death, believe me, has our names forgot.

THE SELF IMPORTANT FOOL.

PUFF in each publick, and each private place,
Unblushing struts, and perks it in your face;
At modest worth will insolently stare,
And seem to wonder how the *wretch* got there!
In bows and words he plentifully deals,
But not one sentiment of honour feels.
You ask why PUFF's so studious of outside?
The reason's clear—his inward faults to hide.
For if his conduct and his ways you scan,
They've all the show without the sense of man.

ON

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ON THE

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

O'ER Dukes that perish we may drop a tear;
What eye withholds it from a RUSSEL's bier?
Who does not weep, in early youth to view,
The patriot dying, and the good man too?
See private worth, and public virtue fly,
In times, like these, to seek their native sky?
From Wooburn's shades to Cheney's calm retreat,
The wand'ring echoes England's loss repeat.
Yet, if kind Heav'n in compensation give,
One honest Earl to flourish and to live,
All is not lost; Britannia still shall find
Its guardian genius in a RAWDON's mind.

HONOUR,

According to the fashionable Acceptation of the Word.

FROM A MS. ENTITULED "FASHIONABLE HONOUR."

IF that be HONOUR which the circle fills
Of public rumour by the blood it spills,
The rankest villain—coward at the heart,
But forc'd by want to play the bravo's part—

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Beyond conviction, may to insult rise,
Impugn the truth, and vindicate his lies.
For when exhausted treachery no more
Can hold the character delusion bore;
When injur'd friendship from the wretch withdraws,
And casts oblivion o'er its broken laws,
The base detractor into vengeance wakes
Each tale that malice, or that envy makes;
And though contempt, in conscious truth secure,
Awhile may pity, and the wrong endure,
The time must come, when by resentment sway'd
E'en meek forbearance will unsheath the blade.
Oppos'd to falshood, with unblemish'd worth,
See redd'ning valour drawn by custom forth.
Too mean to feel, tho' candour bid him yield,
The wretch aggrieving measures o'er the field;
Expects the signal, and as guilt inspires,
Sworn foe to justice, at his rival fires.
Boastful of wrong—so Heav'n or chance ordains—
Behold him triumph o'er the cold remains
Of murder'd truth: see prejudice record
The bloody deed, and dignify the word.
If that be HONOUR, villainy may claim
The glorious title, and assert the name.
There is—but seldom it occurs—a time
When meek forbearance would be call'd a crime;
When Heav'n and earth bid wounded nature draw,
And even bloodshed is excus'd the law.
Who thinks of MARCUS but the deed adores?
Who knew thee, MILO! but thy fate deplores?

On

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On ev'ry barking parasite to turn,
And with resentment miserably burn,
(Lest vile detraction, in the listening ear
Of pride or folly, should pronounce it fear)
Is heated nature from reflection torn,
And sense o'ercome by ridicule or scorn.
If *that* be HONOUR, circled with renown
Are half the knaves and bullies of the Town.*

THE

* Among the sanctioned absurdities of the age there is not, perhaps, a more ridiculous one than fashionable honour. The man who, without the least remorse, would not hesitate to cheat a fellow-citizen, destroy the peace and comfort of his dearest friend, and be, in fact, a public nuisance, is received in society, because, forsooth, he calls himself a man of spirit.

As there is a slang, or cant-language, among thieves and pick-pockets, so is there a current phrase among our half-bred gentlemen, (or rather no gentlemen at all) which they use on every occasion that suits their spite or interest. With respect to duelling in general, the practice is become so familiar in every rank of life, that what was formerly considered as a check upon the domestick excess of military youth and ardour, is now become the immediate alternative of every drunken broil, or pecuniary misunderstanding. Nor does the mischief stop here. There are some individuals, who, being themselves destitute of all inherent good qualities, endeavour to gain, or establish, a reputation, by injuring the fair fame of others. They are aware that the only danger they run, is from personal resentment; and as they have nothing to lose, it becomes a matter of indifference to them by what means they attain their object. If they are *called out* (to use the fashionable cant-word) they console themselves in thinking, that whatever the event may be with regard to

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THE WORLD, AS IT IS.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MY WORTHY FRIEND,
THE HON. COLONEL HANGER, IN 1791.

Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa? Quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus? Patriæ quis exul
Se quoque fugit?

THE world, my dear HANGER, is rul'd by deceit,
Professions of kindness are int'rest at best;
How oft in each scene are we destin'd to meet
A smile on the brow that 's belied in the breast!

If such be the world—and its cares have been thine—
Say, is it not wiser, my friend, to retreat
Where friendship can scatter, at constancy's shrine,
The fruits of good-humour unmix'd by deceit?

safety, they will not be rendered less odious in society, or worse in their circumstances, than they were before. Besides which, they always indulge the idea, however fallacious, that they will preserve the good opinion of those persons, who, like themselves, are desperate and wretched. In a word, when duelling is totally unconnected with reason, principle and true honour, (and it sometimes, though very rarely, may be with all three) the Drop at Newgate is cheated of its load, and the justice of the land eluded by unpunished murder, or triumphant homicide.

With

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With candour the conduct of others to scan,
Untouch'd by the whisper of pride and conceit,
To blame where we must, but to praise where we can,
Is what guards the breast from the stings of deceit.

It boots not a thought how the world may decide,
If conscience acquit us, and honesty meet
The dictate of reason; with truth for its guide,
And honour that turns from the smiles of deceit.

Mankind will deceive, yet to memory still
Reflection must render ingratitude sweet,
He never did good who had never felt ill,
Nor knew candour's value till wrong'd by deceit.

There lives not a man, of whatever degree,
While nature is frail, who can frankly repeat,
" Duplicity points not its evil at me;
" I feel not the tricks, nor the arts of deceit."

Thy tenour of life—be the tale what it may,
That malice will whisper and envy repeat—
Of truth undisguis'd has been ever the way,
The path of good nature that led from deceit.

Be mine too the boast, who can pity the sneer
Of grandeur that honesty blushes to greet,
With thee to have shar'd what is frank and sincere,
The converse of friendship unspoil'd by deceit:

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From thee to have heard how the battles were fought,
That tore from the crown what was once at its feet,*
How politics sway'd as the rulers were bought,
And how all the world may be lost by deceit.

Be mine too the boast, who have travell'd through life,
And seen all its changes, this truth to repeat;
"I've never yet yielded to comfort or strife,
"If either would make me the slave of deceit."

With careless composure I've smil'd at abuse,
Whose rancour my reason disdain'd to defeat;
Secure in myself, I commun'd with the Muse,
And pitied the wretch that was sway'd by deceit.

The secret assassin no man can repel;
Yet all may despise whom they redden to meet.
The feelings of honour to pity may swell,
But never can rise into rage at deceit.

This island can boast what all nations must love,
A prince that is guided by sympathy's heat,
Whose feelings the woes of mortality move,
Whose bosom 's at war with the tricks of deceit.

The station he holds, tho' the first of mankind,
Of sentiment more than of rank is the seat;
His looks are the picture of honesty's mind,
The signals of truth, and the dread of deceit.

* America.

Dull

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Dull cynics may rail at the sex we adore,
And female affection with levity treat:—
The love we enjoy—all its fantasies o'er,
Is nature that laughs at the ways of deceit.

Since such is the fate of all mortals below,
And life, at the best, a chimerical heat;
May we, my good friend, unaffected by show,
Steer wide as we can from the shoals of deceit.

OUR LAST HOME.

LINES WRITTEN IN A CHURCH-YARD.

HERE's man's last home; here close the scenes of life,
And here our senses are no more at strife.
Here wild Ambition ceases to aspire,
And here frail Beauty moulders from desire.
Here Misers lose their appetite for gold,
And here the Valiant are no longer bold.
With dust we mingle, as from dust we came,
And nothing's left us but a fleeting name.
Truth, truth alone, the mournful tribute gives,
And in the ashes of its object lives.

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As one sinks down, another springs to day,
Just spreads his wing, and flutters to decay;
And still another, and another comes,
All doom'd to fill these solitary homes;
All doom'd to sleep, till Resurrection's breath
Shall wake each member in the caves of death,
And wasted Nature to their native skies
Shall bid her renovated children rise.
Oh! for that day, when Heav'n's eternal sound
Will rouse the dead, and pierce the clay-cold ground!
Bid heroes, beauties, kings, and slaves appear,
And all that serv'd, and all that wrong'd us here.
Then shall impartial Justice hold the scale,
And Pomp and Policy no more prevail.
Stars, strings and garters, coronets and crowns,
And all that Pride or vain Ambition owns,
Unveil'd shall stand, no better than the sod
Of humblest earth, before their Maker—GOD.

TO LADY L*****.

YOU ask me for verse; who those eyes can refuse?
Or who, when you speak, stands in need of a Muse?
The sound of your voice an inspirer must prove;
But ah! whilst I warble, I tremble at love!

You tell me that *fiction* is all you require;
A something dress'd out in poetic attire:
But fiction, alas! may *reality* prove,
And still whilst I warble, I tremble at love.

NELSON.

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NELSON.

WHY in the midst of triumphs, nobly gain'd,
By Valour grasp'd at, and by skill obtain'd,
Does BRITAIN mourn? with sympathetic sigh,
E'en lisping infants to the call reply:
" All ranks must mourn—for all must feel the same—
" O'er NELSON slumb'ring in the lap of Fame!"

LINES WRITTEN FOR THE VIGNETTE.

THOUGH Britain mourn—What else can Britain do,
When bleeding NELSON rises to her view?—
Still is there cause for triumph, while she shews
The sinking colours of our vanquish'd foes;
And greater still—while Fame is heard to say:
" All, all were NELSONS on that glorious day!"*
Though fate had snatch'd their leader into rest,
His spirit staid, and fir'd each seaman's breast;
His soul still hover'd, in celestial light,
Round ev'ry ship, and mingled in the fight;
Still for OLD ENGLAND Britons rush'd to fame,
Led on by COLLINGWOOD, and NELSON'S name!

* The day on which the Battle of Trafalgar was fought, and won.

THE

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THE FEATHER.

A FEATHER was all that I ask'd from my fair,
—Sure never was mortal so us'd!
She smil'd, and with ridicule treating my pray'r,
Unkindly the trifle refus'd.
Ah did she suspect, that to satire inclin'd,
I wanted an emblem to prove,
How levity marks almost all womankind,
And few are sincere unto love?
If so, may her heart, still a foe to disguise,
From vanity learn to retreat:
Correcting the magic that plays in her eyes,
And shunning the glare of deceit.

THE IDLE MAN OF FASHION.

WHILST I am up and full of life,
And full of business too!
My friend lies slumb'ring with his wife;
'Tis all he has to do.
I call—"*Not up!*"—I call again;
"*Not stirring*, Sir," I'm told:
And yet these idle folks complain,
That I am shy and cold.

Alas!

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Alas! they little think, my friend,
How much these visits cost;
And that each idle hour I spend,
Is so much treasure lost.

ON THE BLUE-STOCKING TRIBE,

OR SOI-DISANT LEARNED SOCIETY OF FASHIONABLE FEMALES.

A LEARNED woman is a dang'rous thing;*
You ask me why? because she tastes the spring
Of written lore, and just goes deep enough
To gather much unnecessary stuff.
With that she stalks through fashionable life,
A saucy mistress! or a haughty wife!
To slander wedded, through the livelong day,
She whispers many a character away;
Grows old in vice, affecting virtue still,
And feels no pleasure but in doing ill.
Ye lovely females! in whose charms, I know,
Man tastes the sweetest of his joys below;
Ye gay seducers of an idle hour,
Whose frown I dread, for I have felt your pow'r;
These candid truths without ill-nature take,
And spare the writer for the moral's sake.

* A little learning is a dangerous thing.—POPE.

ON

ON WATT, THE INFORMER,

WHO WAS EXECUTED AT EDINBURGH, FOR HIGH TREASON.

THE base informer, when he's doom'd to die,
Nor claims compassion, nor extorts a sigh;
In sullen apathy mankind survey
His mangled frame expos'd to open day:
But when the virtuous and the good must bleed,
For daring that which nature has decreed;
When sages perish for what sages taught,
And fall for thinking as their fathers thought;
Shame! deepest shame! insulted justice cries,
And blushing leaves us while the victim dies.

AN OLD ADAGE.

QUI NIMIS PROBAT, NIHIL PROBAT.

QUI nimis probat, is a truth well known;
And yet how few the solemn truth will own!
DICK would be right, so many proofs he brought,
That half his reasons vanish'd into nought;
His haughty temper, and his tongue were such,
That, right or wrong, he always prov'd too much.

AN

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AN HONEST MAN'S REPLY

TO A SELF-IMPORTANT COXCOMB.

WHEN LYCIDAS, both rich and high,
And ostentatious too!
Asks who I am? With pride I cry,
Thank Heav'n! I am not you.

ON BEING ASKED, WHETHER I HAD EVER ENJOYED LIFE?

I'VE tasted life, and in its cup I've had
Such streams of pleasure, that my soul grew mad
With mingled joys—no other bliss I knew;
'Twas when I lov'd, and, DELIA, lov'd but you.

THE SELFISH MAN.

UPON the surface of a summer's sea,
No man in kindness can his equal be;
But when you're plac'd on dissolution's brink,
He takes the boat, and leaves his friends to sink.

ON

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ON SEEING THE FIRE PUT OUT BY THE SUN.

TO DELIA.

HAS DELIA ever seen the blaze
Of artificial fire,
When visited by heav'nly rays,
Before those rays expire?

Ah thus do her enchanting eyes,
Emitting heav'nly heat,
Superiour to all others rise,
And dim each eye they meet.

The proud ALMERIA decks her head,
With India's borrow'd light,
And on her face vermilion's spread,
To make her eyes more bright.

Alas! how transient is their gleam,
How soon 'tis doom'd to die!
When Nature darts her choicest beam
From DELIA's heav'nly eye.

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ON A MOST WORTHY AND HOSPITABLE GENTLEMAN, WHO IS REMARKABLE FOR DISPATCH AT MEALS.

BOLT not your food, HIPPOCRATES has said,
But leisurely consume your meat and bread.
This sage advice succeeding wisdom feels,
For indigestion follows hasty meals.
Yet TULLY's dinners, whether cold or hot,
Go off like cannon, and go down like shot.

WORTH, NOT SIZE, CONSTITUTES MERIT.

THAT monstrous bodies little souls may hold,
And filth be screen'd by diamonds and gold,
At open day the gross LYÆNA shews;
In spite of all her equipage and clothes.
Not so with LAURA—delicate and small—
She feels a gen'rous sympathy for all:
Her little frame a boundless heart contains,
And truth and honour circle in her veins.
No gold is wanting, when, by deeds brought forth,
Our best apparel is true sterling worth.

EPI-

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EPIGRAM.

IMITATED FROM THE XXI. OF MARTIAL, VOL. I.*

To a Lady whose Breath does not shed ambrosial Odours, and who is very familiar and talkative.

YOUR lips to some, to some your hand you tend;
Give me your hand, for that is best, my friend.
Since both are false; give *me* the least severe,
And spare my nose, although you wound my ear.

EVERY MAN IS MORE OR LESS HAPPY, BY COMPARISON.

YES! if comparison can lend relief,
No man is wretched, for the last in grief
Was never known: no mortal is so sad,
But he may find some other just as bad.
JACK lost his leg in fighting England's foes,
And scented CLODIO struts without a nose.
Lame JACK is poor, and sings along the street
Some mournful ballad, to get bread and meat.
Yet still he 's cheerful, merry to the last,
And leaves the future where he left the past.
No so with CLODIO—destitute of health,
He pines in all the luxuries of wealth;

* Basia das aliis, aliis das, Postume, dextram;
Dicis, utrum mavis, elige? Malo manum.

Crawls

Crawls through his morning, in a yawning mood,
While foul disease runs rankling in his blood,
And sinks, at last, a burthen to mankind,
Without one solid comfort from his mind.

THE TWO UPRIGHTS.

AN *upright* statesman is a noble thing;
Perhaps as good as Emperor! or King!
Perhaps much better, for by honest ways,
An *upright* statesman can his country raise;
Bid England stand superiour to alarms,
And, first in commerce, be the first in arms.
Thus spoke the Genius of this envied Isle:
When Int'rest answer'd with a venal smile,
" Sure WILLIAM's *upright*, HARRY too is strait,
" And both are *upright* pillars of the state."
Alas! how transient, and how weak their base
Whose sole foundation is in rank or place!
For, to our cost, awaken'd Reason finds,
That *upright* bodies should have *upright* minds.

LINES

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LINES

Written in a Tent on Hopton Common, near the Sea Coast, after a very tempestuous Night.

SUNG BY MR. DIGNUM.

TO MRS. ————

YES, I heard the roaring ocean,
Whistling winds and beating rain;
Round me, in convulsive motion,
Felt my struggling canvas strain.
Wind and water vied together,
Tent and tent-walls piercing through!
Still, regardless of the weather,
All my soul was turn'd to you.

Not a glimm'ring ray to cheer me,
Curtain'd only by the night,
You alone were always near me,
Image of celestial light!
Heedless of the bursting billow,
Heedless how the tempest blew,
Still I prest my moisten'd pillow,
Sigh'd, and fondly thought of you.

Spread on down, and angels waking,
To protect an angel's form!
You, perhaps, each care forsaking,
Scarcely heard the ruthless storm.

If

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If you did, oh say sincerely,
Fiercer as the tempest grew,
Did you think of one, who dearly,
Dearly loves to think of you?

TO AN ARRANT COURTIER,

Who did me the Honour to say some Persons thought me clever, but that I wanted a little worldly Knowledge.

THAT I am clever, some allow,
But still I want your worldly sense;
I cannot flatter, cringe, or bow,
Or tamely bear a gross offence.
But you, good Sir, who talk so well!
Can flatter, bow—perhaps can lie!
These circumstances plainly tell,
There's nought so wide as you and I.

THE QUESTION.

Is the Name an Echo to the Heart?

AND did she blush when CLODIO's name
Surpris'd her virgin ear?
And did she seem to own the flame,
Which burns so fiercely here?

Did

Did melting languour in her eyes
That secret passion show,
Which lovers only breathe in sighs,
And none but lovers know?

Was sympathy so well exprest,
So void of settled art,
That when she blush'd, her heaving breast
Stood witness to her heart?

GALLÀNT AND GÁLLANT,
Or Short and Long Syllables.

WHEN once a gay *Gallànt* appears,
And like a gállant soldier moves,
A woman is all eyes and ears,
She smiles, she listens, and she loves.

But when a paltry coxcomb dares
Her lovely presence to assail,
She then has neither eyes nor ears,
To waste upon his paltry tale.

A LIAR.

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FAMILY FEUDS.

TO blame each other when old friends unite,
The public read, and laugh at all they write;
Each tells his story as it suits him best,
Till both become an universal jest.

ON SEEING THE FIRST BUDS OF SPRING.—1808.

THE Winter's gone—another Spring appears,
With all the family of hopes and fears;
For who, that's conscious of his own decay,
Can see the bud just bursting into day,
And not for infant innocence express
An anxious hope, that Heav'n and time may bless
Its growing years—To thee, my boy! be giv'n
All that a parent can expect from Heav'n!
As time advances may thy mind expand,
To serve and decorate thy native land.

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A LIAR.

Les menteurs sont toujours bas et glorieux.
VAUVENARGUES.

A LIAR 's always boastful, vain, and low,
Because his chief endeavour is to shew
Some grace without; well knowing that within,
His soul is nothing but deceit and sin.
Not so the man of modest worth is found;
With open front he walks his daily round,
Looks ev'ry fellow-creature in the face,
And dares be honest in each time and place.

LINES

Written under Mrs. Duff's Print, published by Ackermann, in 1806.

STRANGER, or friend, in this faint sketch behold,
An angel's figure in an earthly mould.
In human beauty though the form excell'd,
Each feature yielded to the mind it held.
[*There truth, in spotless innocence, was found,
And meek simplicity by *Manners* crown'd.

* These four lines are omitted in the print of Mrs. Duff, from the want of room.

Alive,

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Alive, she grac'd whatever charms in life;
The fondest sister! and the kindest wife!]
Heav'n claim'd the spark of its etherial flame,
And earth resign'd it, spotless as it came.
So die the good, the beauteous and refin'd,
And, dying, leave a lesson to mankind.

LOVE OMNIPOTENT,

Or who can resist a mutual Passion?

HOW oft on the pain I have caus'd to my mother,
How oft on the grief that my father has felt,
How oft on the shame I have cast on my brother,
How oft on the sneers of the world have I dwelt!

Yet, spite of them all, the dear fatal delusion
Clings fast to my soul, and each feeling subdues;
One smile from my WILLIAM dispels my confusion,
And, gazing on him, all my scruples I lose.

O Love, in what clime, or what age, hast thou ever
Been tam'd to submission, or stripp'd of thy dart?
The pow'r that 's unbounded, what duty can sever,
What arguments crush the proud lord of the heart.

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In vain on the pain I have caus'd to my mother,
In vain do I dwell on my father's distress;
In vain do these cheeks feel the blush of a brother,
Love seizes my heart, and his pow'r I confess.

Come then, gentle God—for tho' strong thy dominion,
Yet mild are thy laws when two lovers agree—
Oh teach us to brave the cold sneer of opinion,
And keep us contented with nature and thee.

TO A LADY

Who told the Author that he was satirically inclined.

CONDEMN'D be the verse, though its numbers shou'd flow
As gentle as POPE's or as DRYDEN's severe,
If ever it give to that bosom a woe,
Or draw from those eyes, in its anguish, a tear.

Yes, sooner beneath the cold turf let me lie,
And all I could say in forgetfulness sink,
Than ever this pen should elicit a sigh
From her for whose pleasure I write and I think.

For thou art my Muse, and to thee all my lays,
Inspir'd by thy looks, must return and belong.
Then how can I write, and not write in thy praise,
Since thou art the cause, and the pride of my song?

WIT

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WIT OUTWITTED IN A WITNESS-BOX.

A WITNESS once, in that snug box
Where perj'ry writhes about,
When at its mem'ry *GARROW knocks,
And drags conviction out;
In that snug box, a witness once
His judgment left for wit,
And deeming honest truth a dunce,
On contradictions split.

Ten thousand ways his fancy wrought,
Like some poor fox in trouble!
Till cross-examination sought,
And turn'd him at each double.
He hemm'd and haw'd, and hemm'd again
At what he heard and saw;
But finding all his efforts vain,
At last gave up to LAW.†

* A barrister remarkable for his acuteness in cross-examining witnesses.

† The present Lord Chief Justice, when Counsellor LAW, once cross-examined a celebrated wit, and threw him completely off his guard.

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THE POLITICAL COXCOMB, IN 1808.

AS when loud hurricanes the deep deform,
And stately vessels perish in the storm,
An empty bladder, toss'd upon the waves,
Rolls, here and there, and all their fury braves;
So puff'd-up dullness, while a nation's fate,
Floats in the tumult of our men of state;
And men, who sagely for their country think,
Through pride and int'rest are condemn'd to sink—
So puff'd-up dulness unconcern'd is found,
And, like the bladder, emptily goes round.
The patriot only from conviction knows,
That, soon or late, this awful scene must close;
And well he knows, in spite of chiefs and kings,
In spite of garters, coronets, and strings,
That wisdom only can a country save;
The rest is but a bladder on the wave;
Which, toss'd and tumbled by each wind that rules,
Has all the noise and emptiness of fools.

ON A CERTAIN CLERICAL DIGNITARY, WHO WAS NEVER REMARKABLE FOR MUCH HUMILITY.

IF impudence be deem'd a vice,
And modest worth is virtue call'd;
I wonder by whose strange advice,
Yon blust'ring parson was *install'd*?

HONESTY

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HONESTY IS SOUND POLICY.

SAGE POPE observes: "How active springs the mind
"That leaves the load of yesterday behind;"
How much more active, and more peaceful too,
Is he who gives each creditor his due?
Who pays to-day what yesterday he bought,
In deed as honest as he's just in thought.

FINE MANNERS!

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.—POPE.

EXCESS of manners, and excess of zeal,
Too oft an inward littleness conceal.
Torn from herself, distorted Reason stands,
All sense neglected for eyes, feet, and hands.
When CLODIO speaks, he mouths such pretty stuff,
Such silken nonsense, rather than be rough!
That though endu'd with intellect and sense,
To solid wit he loses all pretence.
He raps his box, then waves his lily hand,
Bows, and does all—but make you understand.
"O give me *manners!*" CLODIO cries aloud,
"And throw plain sense and reason to the crowd!"

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O give me manners! ev'ry rogue repeats,
While custom sanctifies both knaves and cheats.

TOO MUCH GOODNATURE DEROGATORY FROM TRUE WISDOM.

ENDYMION's good; he's honest and sincere,
In manners gentle, and in morals clear.
Of dauntless valour in his country's cause,
True to his trust, and stedfast to the laws,
With holy faith each noble act he blends,
And has no enemies except his friends.
For them his mind is thwarted in its views,
And still he wants the courage to refuse,
Oh grant that courage, list'ning reason cries,
And as he 's spotless, make him truly wise.
May Heav'n in kindness to his mind supply,
One virtue more—the virtue to deny.

THE SOLDIER'S CONSOLATION,

When deceived by Woman.

YES; I have seen the battle bleed,
And hundreds in the slaughter crush'd;
Heard groans to vict'ry's shouts succeed,
And fearless through the carnage rush'd.
O'er heaps of dead I march'd unmov'd,
And only thought of her I lov'd.

And

And when the dreadful conflict ceas'd,
And when the troops retir'd to rest,
One image all my senses seiz'd,
And took its quarters in my breast.
Not e'en my dying comrades mov'd;
I only thought of her I lov'd.

Ah me! that absence should be found
More bitter than the bitt'rest foe!
That while the body 'scapes the wound,
The mind a keener pang should know.
Yet still my heart one int'rest prov'd,
I only thought of her I lov'd.

Alas! how little did I think,
That while my soul on DELIA dwelt;
And while I stood on peril's brink,
No tender sympathy was felt.
From scene to scene *she* gaily rov'd,
And never thought of him who lov'd.

Then let me once again repair
To where embattled furies rise;
And be my fate, in dying there—
While vict'ry round Britannia flies!—
Still, still to sigh, by death unmov'd,
I only thought of her I lov'd.

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CONSCIENCE;

OR SOMETHING BEYOND THE GRAVE.

'TIS not the gilded palace, nor the dome,
In fretted work magnificently gay,
Which gives mortality the peaceful home,
The cheerful moment, and the tranquil day;

'Tis something more than palaces can give,
Or fretted dome, or pageantry supply;
'Tis what instructs the wisest how to live,
And shews the proudest how they ought to die;

'Tis conscience, trembling at the voice of God,
That inly whispers to the high and low;
Which points religion to the blest abode,
And bids her triumph in the midst of woe.

For all is woe beneath yon splendid orb;
An aching void replenish'd ill by mirth!
A thousand sorrows all our joys absorb,
And half our raptures perish at their birth.

Then who can trust the visionary ray,
And live regardless of a world to come?
Or who prefer ambition's short-liv'd day,
To that which gives an everlasting home?

THE

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THE TRIAL BY JURY.

TO LORD ERSKINE.

ERSKINE, whose mind undaunted to the last,
In proudest retrospect can see the past;
Whose matchless talents are their own reward,
For nobly daring what few men have dar'd;
To thee the Muse her grateful homage pays,
And breathes the mite of voluntary praise.
In times, like these, when Kings and statesmen fall,
And laws are silenc'd by the trumpet's call,
Blest is that land where freedom takes the lead,
Where virtue governs, and its ways succeed.
But doubly blest, when honour join'd to sense,
Destroys each flimsy texture of pretence;
When independence awes the guilty knave,
And worth, like thine, is eloquent and brave.
From early youth to thee the talent fell
Of acting boldly, and of speaking well;
While mere smooth metaphors from others flow,
In thee the patriot and the soldier glow.
Thy name posterity shall call its own;
And when remembrance may desert a throne,
ERSKINE and English Juries shall be known.

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MERE ORIGIN

WEIGHS NOTHING IN THE SCALE OF UNPREJUDICED ESTIMATION.

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
POPE'S ESSAY ON MAN.

Ut quantum generi demas, virtutibus addas.
HORACE.

THE muse has said in honest lays,
That all who rise by merit,
Deserve the fortune and the praise
Which titled fools inherit.

Observe our Lords, and Commons too,
Our courts of justice see;
How many there from nothing grew,
Whose sons may nothing be!

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Yon Baron fancies otherwise;
But what is he, my friends?
A *thing*, which reason must despise,
And only pride commends.

That Baron, if he'd travel back
One hundred years, or so,
Upon those loins will find a pack,*
From which his titles flow.

'Tis education lifts mankind,
Not accident, or birth;
All rank is seated in the mind;
The rest is common earth.

TO A GENTLEMAN

Who gave up much of his Time to ingenious, but erroneous Calculations in Arithmetick.

COUNT, count, my friend, the livelong year,
Yet, spite of all your pow'r,
This certain sum you'll find is clear,
That two and two make four.

* This line is not meant to convey any thing invidious against the founder of the family, who was a hawker of Scotch goods, and literally carried a pack about the West of England.

Ingenious

Ingenious numbers you may take,
And score them, o'er and o'er,
Yet, after all, this score you'll make,
That two and two make four.

Then cease to puzzle thy poor brain
With arithmetick lore,
And in this honest fact remain,
That two and two make four.

THE CLERK IN OFFICE;

AS HE OUGHT NOT TO BE.

A CLERK in office is a clerk indeed!
For if he's mean, he's certain to succeed.
While humbler drudges, who, by honest ways,
Attempt their children, or themselves to raise;
Who think—God help them!—that by acting right,
They 'll work through int'rest, prejudice, and spite,
Chain'd to their desks, keep tugging at the oar,
Like galley-slaves, but never reach the shore:
Pure independence all their virtuous aim,
And all their patronage an honest name.
An honest name! exclaims prophetick wit,
That name 's the very rock on which they split.

PA-

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PAROLES AND COUNTERSIGNS.

G. O. *Hopton Camp*, 1793.

Parole, *Emily*:—Countersign, *Yarmouth*.

PAROLES were first suggested by the wise,
To foil suspicion, and to mar surprize.
Next secret marks, and countersigns were lent,
The subtler views of cunning to prevent.
Nor sage paroles, nor countersigns need we,
Secur'd, fair EMILY! by love and thee.
Blest camp, where loyalty the bosom sways,
Where honour guides, and sentiment obeys;
Ah, doubly blest! where beauty deigns to move,
And MARS is guarded by the shield of love.

THE APOLOGY;

Or a wise Woman knows how to make Allowances for Human Frailty.

WHY, why, my love, create these wild alarms,
Because I 've trifled in another's arms?

Why

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Why blame your husband, when the wand'ring 's o'er,
Who only stray'd that he might please the more.
Fresh joys, you know, make passion doubly keen,
But you are still my everlasting queen.
To you, disgusted with the world, I turn,
For you, with more than common heat, I burn.
Then cease to murmur; be the past forgiv'n,
And let me revel in this earthly heav'n.
Short is the period of all human joys;
Too short to break it by domestick noise!
Too many cares from other quarters come,
To add one cloud of wretchedness at home.
Then cease to murmur; be the fault forgiv'n,
And give the passport of a smile to heav'n.

ON LEAVING ROCHESTER, 1794,

And hearing a Lark sing, upon the Road.

THE bird that floats upon the sky,
Feels nothing on its mind;
Nor keen regret, nor heavy sigh,
For what is left behind:

To other plains, on easy wing,
The vagrant's taught to move;
In other groves he 's proud to sing
For ah! he does not love.

To

To me, whom duty tears away
From all that 's kind and dear,
How diff'erent is each rising day!
Each prospect how severe!

Nor change of place, nor varied sky
Can ease my tortur'd mind;
With keen regret I heave a sigh
For her I left behind.

HUMANUM EST ERRARE,

Or every Man has his Failings.

Who would not laugh, if such a man there be:
Who would not weep, if *** were he!

POPE.

A PRINCELY youth—not princely from his worth,
But princely call'd through parentage and birth—
In ev'ry circle amiable appears,
Attracts all eyes, and captivates all ears.
On ev'ry subject he some knowledge shows;
A POPE in verse! and CICERO in prose!
A BONAPARTÉ—if you talk of war,
And deep as NEWTON at a new-found star!
Yet, strange to tell, this all-accomplish'd youth,
One failing has—he never tells the truth.

WERTER's

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WERTER's TOMB.

HERE WERTER lies!—If, passenger, thy breast
By lawless passions has been e'er opprest;
If virtue, struggling to repress desires,
Has ever yielded to the fiercest fires;
Here shed the tear that human frailty claims,
And learn to pity what thy reason blames.
And should the pious moralist appear
In virtue's cause religiously severe,
With England's bard* let pensive mem'ry tell:
He lov'd not wisely, but he lov'd too well!

THE MODERN CROP.

Nimium ne crede colori.

To Lady ****.

CHLORINDA would know why these unpowder'd crops
Who strut through the Mall can be justly call'd fops?

* Our immortal Shakespeare. See Othello.

I'll

I'll tell you a tale, in few words as I can,
And then leave your reason to judge of the man.
When taxes increas'd to so monstrous a size,
That honest JOHN BULL was tax'd up to the eyes,*
That even his eyes could not look at the day
Without paying dear for each visiting ray;
When feet, hands and arms, and each limb was put down,
And stamp'd contribution press'd hard on his crown,†
Half bursting with rage, yet afraid to speak out,
He swore it was hard, and went growling about.
The minister put to his shifts for the *ready*,
But perfectly sure that his friends would be steady,
Would vote, as he wish'd, without thought or disguise,
Felt powder an object deserving excise.
We'll pass over all the *sage* reasons he gave;
How much wholesome corn by this tax we should save;
And if we did not—as he justly observ'd—
By vanity still the great end would be serv'd.
He knew, from the citizen up to the peer,
That what flatter'd folly would not be thought dear.
The ‡ tax pass'd of course—you may safely suppose—
When half our good members are led by the nose,
And nine out of ten will decide black is white,
If *some* put the question, and say it is right.
Well arm'd at all points, it now stalks thro' the land,
With spies and informers and rogues at command.

* The window-tax. † The tax upon hats.
‡ The powder-tax, &c. &c.

Each

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Each house is observ'd, ev'ry street, ev'ry alley,
From RUTLAND'S abode to the cot of poor SALLY.
The starv'd curate's daughter must pay just as much
As Archbishop MARKHAM'S, if powder she touch;
Though all the poor girl can afford, in this life,
Is scarce dress enough to get chosen for wife!
To come to the point—though it is not uncommon
To go round about when you reason with woman—
I'll now prove the text of this whimsical letter,
And shew you, my friend, that some crops are no better
Than coxcombs well-powder'd, high-scented and drest,
And—saving the tax—are alike in the rest.
Nay, worse, on reflection, and much greater fools
Than hundreds that follow ADONIS'S rules.
For instance—and what I'm about to display
Is taken from figures you see ev'ry day—
From two to near six, in St. James's I've known
A nice-scented Crop of high stile and high ton,
Affect to detest all the minister's art,
And swear himself democrat staunch to the heart;
Declare that he values all men for their worth,
And laughs at the pomp, and the weakness of birth.
From language, like this, we are led to believe,
That outward appearances cannot deceive;
We give him full credit for all he asserts,
And think honest freedom is stuck to his skirts.
But now for the proof—let us visit this man,
To find him consistent, and wise, if we can.
Repair to his chamber, his toilet survey,
And wait till this Crop is made up for the day.

A Frenchman

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A Frenchman first shaves him; his chin made to shine
With soft almond-paste, and pomatum divine,*
Is nicely rubb'd dry; not a feature's forgot,
His teeth are well clean'd, and well gargled his throat.
The latter, you'll say, is most laudably done:
Have patience, dear lady, and let me go on.
A foe to all filth, I admire what is clean,
But still I'm a friend to propriety's mean.
I hate all extremes, all excesses despise,
And think loss of time indiscreet and unwise.
To prove my remark both correct and in point,
What time, do you think, he must have to anoint?
I say to *anoint*, for his teeth clean'd and palate,
His eye-brows and whiskers are greas'd by his valet;
Are turn'd into sable—if red in their hue—
And nicely comb'd out till they rival my shoe;
What time, I repeat, do you think, more or less,
He takes to get through the first part of his dress?
A quarter, perhaps? full an hour he must have,
Exclusive of what SUISAVOUS takes to shave.
This done; all the parts of his toilet are spread,
And Monsieur begins to work hard at his head.
A spunge, dipp'd in amber, or sweet eau de miel,†
Or poignant Cologne,‡ if his nerves are unwell,
Is first to each side of his temples applied,
And roll'd round his scull till the surface is dried.

* *Pomade divine.* A grease so called.

† Anglicé, honey-water.

‡ Cologne-water, supposed to give great relief in head-achs

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The crimping hot irons are slipp'd through his locks,
Till curl sits on curl, and e'en BRUTUS's mocks.
This picture of one, I well know, much have seen,
And once thought sincere, and too honest to feign!
Too high to affect what the good must despise,
And though not a NEWTON, far, far from unwise;
This picture, my friend, well examin'd, will show
A Crop out of powder may still be a Beau;
Be proud to excess, and in private deny
Those tenets for which truth and liberty die.

ON SEEING THE LATE DUKE OF BEDFORD IN A HACKNEY-COACH, DRAWN BY THE PEOPLE FROM PALACE-YARD.

WHAT though no pompous coronet appear,
To gild the carriage of a patriot peer;
A nobler coronet his worth obtains,
When freedom draws him in affection's reins.

ON A KING'S CHAPLAIN DECLINING AN INVITATION TO A CONVIVIAL PARTY, BECAUSE IT WAS A FAST-DAY.

THE pow'r of fasting I can now believe,
Since chaplains for a fast a feast will leave.
True—cries an arch observer in my ear—
But one day's fasting does for all the year!

ON

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ON THE HONOURABLE MISS C—D—N PUTTING THE MATCH TO A BATTALION GUN, AT HOPTON CAMP, 1793.

WHEN armies meet, the cannon lends its rage,
And pours destruction as the bands engage;
More fierce attacks our yielding hearts annoy,
For those the cannon spares your eyes destroy.
Yet say, fair AMAZON! what man would fly
From charms, like thine, tho' love should bid him die?

ON READING AN ADVERTISEMENT.

"Which is the oracle? BURKE* or O'BRIEN?†"

SAY, which is the oracle? neither is such,
For this says too little, and that says too much.
Each blunders about without judgment or care,
And neither discovers the things as they are.
They care not one farthing for you or for me,
And *meum* alone is the object they see.
Through each giddy circle of logic pursue 'em,
You'll always find *meum*, but never once *tuum*.
One system of int'rest they both have before 'em,
And who gets the most is their whole *utrum horum*.

* Author of an elaborate pamphlet respecting the French revolution, which produced, in reply, Paine's *Rights of Man*.

† Author of a pamphlet entituled *Utrum Horum*.

THE

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THE MAN THAT IS ALWAYS BUSY ABOUT NOTHING.

To ———

MOST men about their bus'ness go;
But you, 'tis strange to say,
So little of your bus'ness know,
You 're never in the way.

Abroad neglecting what you ought,
At home as careless too;
You always seem absorb'd in thought,
Not knowing what to do.

ON A CELEBRATED POLITICIAN,

Who departed this Life Anno Domini 1806.

HERE lies a man! a mighty man
For finding fault with kings;
His merits if you wish to scan,
Look at the state of things.

He found them bad, he left them worse—
This truth there's no repressing—
And if his rival was a curse,
He, surely, was no blessing.

INTENDED

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INTENDED EPITAPH

FOR ONE OF THE WORST MEN LIVING.

Hic niger est; hunc tu, Romane! caveto.—HORACE.

WHEN you are dead—and die you must,
No matter where or when!—
This record shall describe your dust:
" Here lies the worst of men.

" By selfish passions sway'd alone,
" With selfish views imprest!
" To others he the *worst was known,
" And to himself the *best.*"

THE POLITICAL DRUDGE, OR BOROUGH HUNTER.

1808.

IN parliament what can you do,
From borough, town or county?
Bring only something to our view,
And trust unto our bounty.

* *I. e.* the worst of men.

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No matter who, or what you are,
A Christian, Jew, or Turk;
We 've always some snug place to spare,
For servants of all work.

WHAT THEN?

IMPROMPTU—WRITTEN BEFORE THE RETURN OF LORD LAUDERDALE FROM PARIS, IN 1806.

SHOULD there be peace, the conflict ends,
In spite of us and RUSSIA!
But if there 's war, what then, my friends?
Why there 's an end to PRUSSIA.

ANOTHER WHAT THEN?

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ONE MAN AND ANOTHER, THOUGH FIGHTING FOR THE SAME CAUSE.

WHEN Princes fight like other men,
They 're Heroes and they 're Gods!
But should they run away!* what then?
Why then they 've still the odds.

* See an account of the celebrated retreat of the Prussians from Champagne in 1792.

Thus,

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Thus, either way, they 're sure to meet,
And bask in fortune's sun;
They 're Heroes when, perchance, they beat,
And Princes when they run.

TO A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY,

WHO PERSONATED A FLOWER-GIRL, IN THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY.

ERE vernal gales o'er nature's bosom blow,
And draw the crocus from the yielding snow;
Ere lilies spring, or violets be found
To creep in modest sweetness thro' the ground;
Say! by what art, in this enchanted room,
Does FLORA reign, and scatter soft perfume?
Some genius whispers in my list'ning ear:
" The youthful goddess of all sweets is here.
" A fragrant basket on her arm appears;
" Herself more fragrant than the rose she bears!
" 'Tis *she* the rigour of old Time disarms;
" She sheds the genial influence of her charms.
" 'Tis she makes nature what was art before,
" Herself the sweeter rival of each flow'r!
" In vain the lily would her skin outdo,
" Her breast is fairer, and is purer too.
" The scented violet is far beneath
" A breath that's sweeter than the sweetest heath.

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" The rose and snowdrop vainly would appear
" With lips more crimson! and with teeth more clear!
" Nor could the tender Sensitive express
" More virgin-softness than her eyes confess.
" There dwells the melting goddess of desire,
" While truth and innocence each look inspire!
" There sport the graces, there each virtue lives,
" And checks the passion which her beauty gives."
Scarce had he spoke, when bursting on my sight,
Like some bright vision in celestial light,
I see the smiling goddess of the hour,
Confess her charms, and own her matchless pow'r;
I see! I feel her in each sense the same,
Gaze as I pass, and with a sigh exclaim:
Be thine—whose beauty can so well impart
The charms of nature to the works of art—
Be thine—sweet Florist! ever thus to prove
At once the graces, and the queen of love.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Je t' aime tant!

MY soul's so full of her I love,
That ev'ry day and night,
I feel her lovely image move,
In visions of delight.

The

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The instant that I close my eye,
My dreams her image take;
And ere the morn has ting'd the sky,
To think of her I wake.

WHAT IS DEATH?

To die is nothing but to cease to live;
And when life ceases, all afflictions sink.
No art in physick can that nostrum give,
Which follows inability to think.

Then what is death? a sure release from woes,
Which renders nature what from nature came;
Secures the restless intellect, repose,
And rescues reason from a tortur'd frame.

What else be man's, presume not man to seek;
Within the deep inscrutable behest
Of him, whose pow'r, stars, tides and seasons speak;
His hopes remain, and all his prospects rest.

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THE CLIMATE OF ENGLAND,

April 8th, 1788.

HARD frost to-day; to-morrow fogs and rain!
The next a whirlwind! and then frost again.
Such revolutions in this isle we find;
Yet through them breaks the sunshine of the mind.
Unblemish'd truth and social bonds we boast;
Undaunted courage floats around our coast;
While sense and beauty, hand in hand, appear,
And * comfort brightens thro' the clouded year.
Such England is, and may she so remain,
While chains and sunshine are the lot of Spain;
And southern gales o'er Gallia's bosom blow,
To lull the wretchedness her children know.

THE EMIGRANT.

WHO quits his country in the hour of need?
The wretch that dares not for his country bleed.
That deer, an emigrant! whose puny soul,
For mere existence, steals to any hole;

* A word exclusively used by the English. The French now say *comfortable*; but *they* only know the term; *we* enjoy it.

There

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There weaves his web of unabash'd deceit,
In soul a coward, and in mind a cheat;
Dead to each noble impulse of the heart,
And fitted only for the traitor's part.
Not so the BRITON—heedless of alarms,
He clings to freedom, and for freedom arms;
Guards the last acre of his native land,
And falls, if conquer'd, with his sword in hand.

THE CAP FITS.

I PENN'D an epigram: DICK call'd me out; *
What was the consequence? beyond a doubt
He fix'd the ridicule—had DICK been mute,
It might have settled on some other brute.

LINES

Written in Consequence of the Author sitting to have the body-part of the Dress of FREDERICK *the* GREAT, *King of Prussia, finished by Mr.* CUNNINGHAM *the Portrait Painter. Berlin*, 1783.

ATLAS, we 're told, with more than human might,
Supports whate'er the circling seas unite;
But what's the mighty burthen of *his* ball?
I bear that king for whom the world's too small.

* A term used among modern duellists.

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LEARNED, BUT NOT WISE.

A GRAVE Civilian—full of ancient lore
And bred by charity near Bristol's shore;
Of musty cases so completely full,
That in all others he's both wrong and dull;
To Gallic politics once turn'd his mind,
And aided BURKE to puzzle half mankind.
High-flown reflexions common sense they thought;
But Gallia rose in spite of all they wrote.
The good, *they've* done us, let experience tell,
Whilst all their evils in our taxes swell.
If candour ask me why a man so grave
Should lend his judgment to each foreign knave?
From ev'ry vile impostor take his creed,
And waste his substance on a rogue indeed?
The Muse, in justice to herself, replies,
The doctor's *learned*, but he is not *wise*.

JOHN

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JOHN OF SPAIN, OR OUR LAST RESORT.

Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves.

JOHN loves his subjects in so strange a way,
The more he loves, the more he makes them pay.
How oddly govern'd must poor mortals be,
When pomp and pride and wretchedness agree!
When those who labour all their substance give,
And idlers only on that substance live.
The chain of order, when it grows uneven,
Flies from its links, and man appeals to Heaven.

ON A MAN WHO IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE A GOOD HEART, BUT WHO IS NOTORIOUSLY DEFECTIVE IN COMMON SENSE AND DISCRETION.

GOD made his heart; but in his restless head
Such contradictions, and such whims are bred,
That, spite of time, his wayward mind appears,
To lose in wisdom what he gains in years;
Round ev'ry principle delusion plays,
And pride and passion govern all his ways.

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THE HONEST MAN.

I cannot flatter, and I will not lie.—POPE.

PALÆMON 's honest; he has sense and spirit:
Yet something 's wanting to confirm his merit.
In calm seclusion from the world he flies,
And full of wisdom is not worldly wise.
The good man's faults one sentence will supply,
He cannot flatter, and he will not lie.

THE VESSEL OF STATE, IN 1808.

O navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus, ô quid agis? fortiter occupa
Portum. HORACE.

THE ship's adrift! the rudder's lost,
The billows round us roar!
On ev'ry side we 're roll'd and tost!
We scarce can wear off shore.

And

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And is there then no honest man
To save our ship from sinking?
Alas! upon a narrow plan,
Each for himself is thinking.

All seek the chest,* all run below,
Themselves or friends to save;
But not a soul aloft will go,
And stem the raging wave.
Alas there is no honest man
To save our ship from sinking;
For each, upon a narrow plan,
Still for himself is thinking!

TO A PERSON OF SOME TALENTS,

BUT REMARKABLE FOR THE WASPISHNESS OF HIS DISPOSITION, WHO COMPLAINED OF A BROTHER AUTHOR.

A WIT's a feather, we are told,
In honey steep'd, or gall,
Which aptly touch'd by sov'reign gold,
No venom shews at all.

* The chest at sea, is what the Treasury is on shore; well guarded, and in a place of apparent security.

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It then becomes a harmless thing,
That tickles here and there;
But nothing can destroy its sting,
If rival wit be near.

Then why, good Sir, in others look
For candour not your own?
Since, like the Turk, you cannot brook
A brother near the throne.*

Though birds of plumage will agree,
Yet men, however wise,
Their learned brethren never see,
Except through Envy's eyes.

THE HOUSE OF GOD, AND THE HOUSE OF CALL!

Near the Castle and Elephant, on the Kentish Road, the following Inscriptions appear close upon the same Line:

The House of God! *The House of Call!*

IN England, where religions reign
Of ev'ry sort and kind
Where God Almighty's name in vain
Is sent with ev'ry wind;

* Vide Pope's character of Atticus, i. e. Addison.

In

In open fields and cloister'd walls
Where faith is blindly giv'n,
And where the desp'rate ath'ist falls
Denying hell and heav'n.

In England you may strangely trace
Upon each neighb'ring wall,
Loud-laughing sin! and whining grace!
God's House and House of Call.

ON A VIOLENT MAN,

WHO IS VERY SELFISH AND COLD-HEARTED.

YES, TOM is warm, e'en to a vice
Ungovernably so;
And yet his heart's as cold as ice,
Or Zembla's endless snow.

By ev'ry selfish passion led,
He plays the Bravo's part.
The warmth he shews is from his head,
But cannot reach his heart.

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TO A MUTUAL ACQUAINTANCE,

RESPECTING A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S, NOT REMARKABLE FOR ŒCONOMY.

L'économe sait trouver *assez* où il y a peu; le dissipateur n'en peut avoir *suffisamment* où il y en a même beaucoup.

MY Friend has foibles: so have you and I.
But, if we search him with the Lynx's eye,
What man is free? Yet spite of his defects,
The laws of truth and honour he respects.
Though fond of luxuries, he shares his meals
With those he loves, and neither cheats nor steals.
No public rapine, wrench'd from tears and sighs,
One want, or superfluity, supplies.
What fortune offers, or his birthright gives,
His nature uses, and on those he lives.
But JOHN has passions: So have I and you;
How few, alas! their passions can subdue!
At times he 's hasty; and he would be deem'd
Of soul vindictive, where he 's most esteem'd.
From education half his faults have grown,
And more than half his virtues are his own.
Some contradictions may, perhaps, be seen,
Which often drive him from the Golden Mean.
Yet JOHN's not forty; and ere that we gain,
The wisest of us can be proud and vain;
Opposing qualities can oft unite;
If JOHN be wrong, how very few are right!

THINGS

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THINGS OF DISTINCTION, OR PRIVILEGED PERSONS.

FROM A MS. POEM.

Sed videt hunc omnis domus et vicinia tota,
Introrsum turpem, speciosum pelle decorâ.

HORACE.

TO be the Country's guardian and its friend,
Laws to enact, and property defend;
At once to serve and dignify the state,
By actions truly just, and justly great,
For this the coronet on genius shone,
And drew reflected lustre from the Throne;
For this the statesman is rever'd and lov'd,
His toil rewarded, and his wealth approv'd;
For this in calm security we see
His person sacred, and his motions free.
But when, unmindful of the glorious charge,
Men, screen'd by law, are criminals at large;
When rank protects, whom equity would not,
The garter'd beggar, and elected sot,
Insulted honesty bids satire rise,
And sense and reason all such laws despise.

There

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There are—God help them in their homely way—
Men nobly great, and honourably gay,
Whose pride is found where honesty resides,
And meek unfashionable feeling guides;
There are—my CANDIDUS—I turn to thee,
Whose wealth and politics with truth agree:
Who firm to virtue, in their wildest hour,
Despise a meanness, though it lead to pow'r.
And some there are, in self-opinion great,
Whose very shiftings cannot hurt the state.
Mere gilded trifles, splendidly serene,
And stuck, like glow-worms, round a king or queen.
Dark in themselves, (and only known to shine
As pow'r adorns them in its Right Divine,)
With borrow'd greatness o'er the land they spread
The painted plumage of a barren head.
Their greatest knowledge, and their deepest skill,
—Harmless at best, and impotent of will—
Are at a Levee, talkative or mute,
The various whims of royalty to suit;
To answer questions rapidly propos'd,
And boast of answers, when the scene is clos'd.
Yet guiltless these; no matter where they sit,
If Fox they follow, or sneak off with PITT.
The gilded nothings privileg'd appear,
In ev'ry change, and innocently steer.
Thus when in feeble infancy the child
Is fondly watch'd, and tenderly beguil'd,
As chance directs, the rattle we afford,
To soothe the beggar, or to lull the lord.

One

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One humbly made with peas in wicker basket,
The other studded like an Indian casket,
Too plainly prove that family will rule,
Though pride conceive, and folly get the fool.
Progressive nature gathers, good or bad,
The various qualities our parents had.
Sometimes conceal'd, at others widely spread,
A virtue blossoms as the boy is bred;
As often vice, though differently drest,
Shoots in the rude, or educated breast.
In gay prosperity's extended beam,
Unmask'd they flutter, and are what they seem.
The thing that sneak'd when *—*—* was poor,
In *—* spurns us from the fretted door.
Nature's the same, and inclination bends,
Howe'er she wander, to the self-same ends.

Statesmen may lavish dignities on gold;
But worth, my friend, is neither bought nor sold.
Worth in the lowest has its honest weight,
And is not greater when it decks the great.
Grandeur may spread us wider to the day;
But virtue brightens with unalter'd ray.
Thus light's reflected from the polish'd stone,
Whilst in the rough its quality's unknown.
The yellow Topaz—howsoever bright—
Will always sparkle into yellow light;
Nor will the splendid Emerald be seen,
Though sunk in Rubies, otherwise than green.
Can that be freedom which shall tamely sit,
And yield to ignorance the chair of wit;

Or

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Or meanly pliant hear rank nonsense fall,
Where praise is squander'd at a booby's call?
A booby garter'd for the tricks of state,
For court-intrigue, or impudent debate!
Where *—*'s echoes with applauses ring,
And Dulness triumphs in her star and string;
Or from the walls of sumptuous S— appears,
With loins distended, and in G*—* sneers?

When meek benevolence and false parade,
Of pamper'd vanity the means are made;
For selfish ends by sycophants ador'd,
A calf their idol! and a fool their lord!
A contradiction in itself so wide,
Wealth, av'rice, show, humility and pride!
Though plain, not candid; tho' profuse, not kind,
One broad antithesis of heart and mind;
When such are lifted by the whim of pow'r,
The pamper'd gewgaws of an idle hour!
Springs not the soul, indignant to behold
A country's honour through its titles sold?
Is English merit in itself so mean,
So little organiz'd to grandeur's scene;
Are all the currents of that gen'rous blood,
Which from remote antiquity withstood
Corruption's tide, so yielded to the stream,
That Albion's nobles are not half they seem?
Yet what is family? See * * * sunk
Beneath contempt, and delicately drunk;
Not drunk like manhood in his artless hour,
When bright'ning humour with unbounded pow'r,

Springs

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Springs into life, and honestly declares
The glowing sentiments his bosom bears;
But drunk with show, ridiculously vain,
And pleas'd with all things that the wise disdain.
In muslin trowsers tied with silken strings,
Shoes with rosettes, and fingers deck'd with rings;
With glitt'ring chains which from the waistcoat shew
How much the man is buried in the beau;
The mighty lord of P—D—M appears,
And mimics woman, even in her fears.*
Of frame so delicate, that on his breast
The riband's pinn'd, to give the nosegay rest.
The flow'r! alas! too heavily might lie,
And load the murmur of a gentle sigh!
So vast a burthen on a heart so soft,
Would sure be fatal if his lordship cough'd.
In this all fruitful, commutative† age,
When even ministers pursue the rage,
And honest toil is bountifully giv'n—
‡If dearly bought—the circling air of Heav'n!

* It has often been remarked, that an excessive affectation of delicacy, in either sex, almost always proceeds from iniquitous or childish principles. The mind becoming subservient to the body, is warped into a thousand whims, which, without exalting the one, never fail to degrade the other.

† The commutation tax; which was first proposed, and then abandoned, by the late Mr. PITT.

‡ The window tax laid on by the late Mr. PITT, and still in existence all over Great Britain.

When

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When Jews, as grandeur and its visions work,
Turn Christian Lords, and cry aloud for pork!*
Is there no mode—since manhood must perplex—
To suit his nature by the change of sex?
Or must the *thing* indefinite remain;
A modern ABELARD! without his pain!

Fy! fy! my lord, give back the painted fan,
Assert your birth, and reassume the man;
Shew by the deeds, which common sense reveres,
That Kings at least have honourable heirs.

A MODERN LADY OF FASHION.

WHEN FULVIA drives eternally about,
From play to concert, and from rout to rout;
To publick dinners, and to breakfasts goes,
Besieg'd and flatter'd by surrounding beaux!
All eyes can see—without much depth of thought—
That FULVIA is no better than she ought;
All eyes can see—no matter how exprest—
CORNUTO's brow fantastically drest.

* And maids, turn'd bottles, cry aloud for corks.—POPE.

CHAR-

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CHARLOTTE'S BIRTH-DAY.

ONCE more I touch the pleasing string
Attun'd to mirth and glee;
Thy natal day, sweet girl, I sing,
And only sing to thee.

Though months and years may roll away,
My song is still the same;
My yearly tribute still I pay,
And thou art still my theme.

If inward worth I wish to find,
Or outward beauty trace,
I only think of CHARLOTTE'S mind,
Or gaze on CHARLOTTE'S face.

There candour and good sense are seen,
Through friendship's purest ray;
And there the Graces, with their Queen,
In artless nature play.

In after-times, when both are gone,
And both are mix'd with dust,
Fair mem'ry shall this tribute own,
And own it to be just.

Recorded

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:PUTATION;

ON IN THESE DAYS.

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blessings shares.
d is untrue,
:oundrels do.

TO

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TO A SHORT-SIGHTED POLITICIAN.

Written during certain State Trials.

IF partial deaths could bid OPINION die,
And make the murmurs of a country lie
Absorb'd and silent, tyranny might rise,
And brandish terrour as each victim dies;
But while corruption traffics in disgrace,
To get a pension, or to keep a place,
While guilt sits plum'd in merit's hard earn'd due,
And millions starve to feed the venal few;
Coercion vainly would be lord of all:
TRUTH still must triumph though her vot'ries fall.

OATHS AND PRAYERS BEFORE COPENHAGEN.

ONE Chief with oaths, with pray'rs the next can fight;
If one be wrong, the other must be right.
Thus, either way, we 're certain of success,
For Heav'n and Hell round COPENHAGEN press.

ON

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ON SEEING A MOST GORGEOUS COFFIN,

IN WHICH WERE DEPOSITED THE REMAINS OF A NEW-CREATED PEER.

BEHOLD the coffin of a modern lord,
In velvet cloth'd, and studded ev'ry board!
With plates of gold, at head and foot display'd,
And nothing in it but corruption laid.
Gods! that the living should be thus annoy'd,
Without one comfort by the dead enjoy'd!
In ancient times, when sterling sense prevail'd,
No rank corruption was in crimson nail'd;
On piles of wood the lifeless body lay,
To fire consign'd, and purify'd to clay;
With dust it mingled, as from dust it came;
But mem'ry took possession of the name;
Gave future years, on hist'ry's faithful plan,
The vice, or virtue, of departed man.

TO A VERY TALKATIVE OLD LADY.

WHENEVER you leave us, and leave us you must,
To go, like our fathers, to ashes and dust—
Of this I am sure—lying, sitting or walking,
You'll die in the act, my dear lady, of talking.

THE

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THE MODEST FRIEND.

I 'M told that mortals, who are blest with wealth,
Sometimes delight in doing good by stealth;
Yet when they see the object of their care,
A virtuous blush their conscious features wear.
Say! when my friend thus meets me in the crowd,
Is he benevolent, or is he proud?

THE THREE JOHNS.

THREE FAMOUS WRITERS OF THE PRESENT AGE.

Nos numerus sumus, et fruges consumere nati.

THREE JOHNS, upon one dirty work employ'd,
Good Sense and Taste, and Freedom have annoy'd.
The First for insolence of phrase is known;
The next for want of candour stands alone.
The Third ambitious not to be surpast,
In weak alarms is active to the last.

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ANNIVERSARY DAY

OF THE

FIFTEENTH REGIMENT OF LIGHT DRAGOONS,

To commemorate their glorious Conduct on the 24th of April, 1794, at Villars en Couche.

SUNG BY MR. KELLY, AT THE THATCHED HOUSE.

EMSDORFF's fame unfurl'd before ye,
Brave FIFTEENTH, your standards rear!
Guided by your ancient glory,
Shew what dauntless BRITONS are.
'Mid the battle's rage transported,
Numbers vanish in your eyes;
Into perils nobly courted,
O'er the ranks of death ye rise.

Brave FIFTEENTH! in foreign regions
Mem'ry stamps your envied name;
Rescu'd from surrounding legions,
AUSTRIA's eagle owns your fame.
For th' imperial bird, in danger,
On his drooping pinions lay;
When to ev'ry fear a stranger,
British valour gain'd the day. *

* Alluding to the critical situation in which the Emperour LEOPOLD was placed, when this gallant action happened.

Thus

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Thus the soldier, all things daring,
Fearless into battle goes;
All for king and country bearing,
Meets the fiercest of their foes.
Farewell then, man's keenest pleasure,
Farewell fortune, child, and wife!
Our dear country is our treasure!
England's honour is our life!

LIBERTY——so aptly blended
With the nerve of regal sway,
By undaunted truth defended,
Never shalt thou waste away.
Proud ambition may deceive thee,
In false colours bid thee stand;
Britons only well conceive thee;
ENGLAND is thy native land.

On our shores, in myriads rushing,
Should infuriate GALLIA stand,
Britons! all her efforts crushing,
Prove the genius of the land.
Heart and hand at once combining,
Bid the rash invader know,
That, all other calls resigning,
Britons one resistance shew.

Honour'd shades of those who perish'd!
Brave dragoons in battle slain!
In our hearts you 're fondly cherish'd,
In our minds you live again.

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Often as the sun enlightens
  APRIL's *twenty-fourth*, ye rise;
To mankind your story brightens,
  Into future ages flies!

By the same just cause excited,
  To our fame and fate allied!
LEOPOLD's brave sons united,
  Fought and vanquish'd at our side.
Austrian soldiers! thus we cherish
  What your own exploits enhance:
Link'd together, let us perish
  Sooner than be slaves to France.

Drink we then each dauntless fellow
  On the twenty-fourth that fell;
Comrades! sober, grave, or mellow,
  Three times three repeat—FAREWELL!
When we fall—like those departed,
  Falling with our swords in hand—
May remembrance, thus imparted,
  Name us to a grateful land!—

ON TWO CELEBRATED JUDICIAL CHARACTERS.

WHEN CODRUS for the nuptial laws
  Inflexible appears,
Say! is it justice guides the cause,
  Or only selfish fears?

When

When CADMUS, whose ensanguin'd name
On ev'ry record stands,
At duelling directs his aim,
And lifts his bloody hands;

Say! is it justice warms his soul
To check the murd'rous deed,
Or do his inward fears controul,
Lest he himself should bleed?

Hard questions these, upon my life!
To fix the judge or knave;
Yet CODRUS has a handsome wife!
And CADMUS is not brave!

The following Lines contain the Sentiments of a most worthy Character, who does much good by stealth. The Address is consequently supposed to come from him to a rich East Indian, who has more Wealth than Sense or Feeling.

I WOULD not have the wealth thou hast,
And want the spirit I possess,
No! not for Windsor's royal waste,*
Nor even Carlton's proud excess.

* The waste, or Crown-lands, which might be advantageously cultivated.

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The splendours which thou bear'st abroad,
Are ill repaid by griefs at home;
Though poor, I own no galling load,
No horrours of a world to come.

With those, who like myself are poor,
The little that I have I share;
And when I leave the widow's door,
I'm follow'd by a grateful pray'r.

The lisping infant breathes my name:
What more could frail ambition give?
Benevolence is all my fame,
And all my pride is to relieve.

To you, in frequent visions rise
The ghosts of India's plunder'd race;
Provoking vengeance from the skies,
On man that proves mankind's disgrace.

The savage beast respects his kind,
And fiercest tigers tigers aid;
Man, man alone, in guilt refin'd,
Makes human wretchedness his trade!

Hast thou e'er seen neglected worth
Secluded from the world by care;
Asham'd to move, or wander forth,
The taunts of fools and knaves to bear?

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If not, to yonder cottage go,
And near the straw-built shed, thou'lt find
The child of solitary woe,
With nothing left him but his mind.

Ye vain, who, with unhallow'd feet,
With licens'd ease to mirth are giv'n,
Ah visit not his calm retreat,
But leave him to himself and Heav'n.

TO ARISTIDES.

HADST thou been born, as some poor idiots are,
To move in honours by their fathers won;
To shew mankind a garter and a star,
With nothing for them but the name of son;

Thou too, like others, might'st have play'd thy part,
Like others strutted this short life away;
With nothing wanting but a head and heart,
To own, like TITUS,* thou hadst lost a day.

* This good man, though an Emperour and a heathen, recollecting that during one day no occasion had presented itself to him of being kind and benevolent to some of his fellow creatures, exclaimed, Diem perdidi!

But fate deem'd otherwise, and in thy mind
Fix'd independence, with the pow'r to brave
Those empty charms, which fascinate mankind,
And serve to win the coxcomb and the knave.*

To turn thy talents into public use,
And bear the torch of Reason to the throne;
To shun false grandeur, and its gifts refuse;
These make thee great, and these are all thy own.

These are the talents which a country needs;
By these the statesman may that foe withstand,
Whose wondrous daring human art exceeds,
And whose last rival is this envied land.

NO EXCUSE FOR BAD MANNERS.

MEN often differ, and sometimes dispute;
But even JOHNSON, though at times a Brute!
For manners pleaded—whether weak or strong,
The man who wants good manners must be wrong.
Yes, more than wrong, if JOHNSON's† creed be true—
He 's both a blockhead, and a scoundrel too!

* Omnes hi metuunt versus, odêre poetas.—HORACE.

† Doctor JOHNSON used familiarly to say, that a man who wanted good manners, must be a scoundrel. On one of these occasions, Mr. Gibbon, the celebrated historian, turned to a lady and observed, *that the Doctor himself was an exception to the rule.*

THE

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THE JESUIT.

Les méchans sont toujours surpris de trouver de l'habilité dans les bons.—VAUVENARGUES, MAX. 103.

WHEN FRANK outwits some deep-designing foes,
He 's call'd a Jesuit in all he does;
But if outwitted, in their snares he fall,
He 's then, forsooth! no Jesuit at all!
Without the judgment, they have all the will,
And only want his temper and his skill.
Each strives to play some interested part,
And each is found a Jesuit at heart.
Not such as candour must in truth allow,
But mean and selfish, ignorant and low;
Not such as pious * LOYOLA design'd,
At once the friends and teachers of mankind;
But void of morals, and of wisdom too,
A proud, unfeeling, mercenary crew!

* The founder of the order of the jesuits. He was a Spanish gentleman, and had distinguished himself as an officer, at the siege of Pampeluna, where he was wounded. From an ignorance of the real tenets and principles of this learned order, the word *jesuit* has got into invidious acceptation, particularly in England.

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LINES

SENT TO THE AUTHOR'S FRIEND, THE LATE CAPTAIN SUTTON, FOR THE HARMONIC SOCIETY.

Concordia discors.

WHILE the torch of war, high lighted!
Blazes on the front of day,
We, by harmony united,
Still enjoy a cheerful ray.

Calm and placid is each pleasure,
Temper'd by good sense and wit;
Social order binds our measure;
'Mid the two extremes we sit.

Heedless of despotic notions,
Heedless too of vulgar noise,
Friendship governs all our motions;
Love enhances all our joys.

All the tumult we experience,
All the jarring that we know,
Is in discord, from whose variance
Sounds of concord sweetly flow.

PA-

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PARALLEL LINES

ON HEARING A VERY WORTHY GENTLEMAN SAY HE HAD BEEN CUT* BY AN UPSTART NOBLEMAN.

Ornanda est enim dignitas domo, non ex domo dignitas tota quærenda, nec domo dominus, sed domino domus honestanda est.

CICERO.

MY friend is wounded, if a pompous fool,
Whom fashion governs, and who bows by rule!
With cold reserve should sometimes meet his eye,
Or seem to slight him as he passes by.
Alas how little does his judgment see,
That equidistant parallels agree;
That things divided leave an equal space,
Which wise men decorate, and fools disgrace.

VISIT THE IMPRISONED!

WHEN PHILODEMUS to the jail repairs,
His only object is to sooth distress;
For that he listens to the captive's pray'rs,
And makes the pressure of his durance less.

* To *cut*, to shun; to pass without noticing; a term used by fashionable loungers.

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No int'rest sways him in his range for good,
No party governs, and no pow'r can awe;
He clothes the naked, gives the hungry food:
His guide is Mercy, and his path is Law.

TO A GENTLEMAN

Who said he could rough it as well as any Man.*

FRIEND.

YOU know, CLÉANTHES—and with you, my mind
From early youth has never been confin'd—
That I can rough it when occasions call,
And live, as if I scarcely liv'd at all.

AUTHOR.

Yes, yes, my friend, while nothing intervenes
To check the progress of your ways and means;
While fond credulity believes you just,
And all things tend to gratify your lust;
Without one cloud to interrupt your view,
No man can *rough it* half so well as you.

* *To rough it.* A term in familiar usage among military men, signifying to endure hardships.

TO

TO A COURTIER,

WHO VALUES THE OUTWARD APPEARANCE OF A MAN, MORE THAN HIS MENTAL ENDOWMENTS.

There are some people fated to be fools; they not only commit follies by choice, but are even constrained to do so by fortune.

ROCHEFOUCAULT.

THOUGH You know courts, the Muse knows men;
And stranger still, my Lord,
To shield their rights, she holds a pen
Much sharper than your sword.
Embroider'd clothes may deck your frame,
And titles cloud your mind;
But satire can expose to shame,
Such frauds upon mankind.
Then cease, weak fool! at men to sneer,
And learn—if learn you can—
That any *thing** may make a peer,
But only God a man!

* See Selden's Table-Talk.

TO

TO A FASHIONABLE AUTHOR, AND GENTLEMAN A LA MODE.

IF Imitation be the common way
For vulgar minds to flutter into day,
Thy manners, CLODIO, and thy writings shew
A wond'rous aptitude in being low;
In doing nothing but what others do,
A slave in thinking, and in acting too!

LINES

Written by the Author on a blank Leaf in an English Pocket Dictionary, which he sent to a French Lady.

LE MONOSYLLABLE ANGLOIS.

COMMENT voulez vous que j'exprime
Tout ce que mon ame ressent?
Comment peindre en prose, en rime,
Les attributs d'un *mot puissant*?

Volume! où les mots sont inscrits,
Pour qu'ils paroissent, tour à tour,
Parle à ses yeux et surtout, dis:
Que c'est L* qui mêne à l'Amour.

* Equivoque, *Fr.*—Elle—she.

THE

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THE SAME PARAPHRASED IN ENGLISH.

MY feelings what lines can impart?
What phrases, alas! can accord
With sentiments warm from the heart,
That form an omnipotent word?

Yet go, friendly book, to my fair,
The dear monosyllable tell;
She 'll know what in silence I bear,
When sympathy points her to L.

And should she my sentiments feel,
And should she their meaning approve,
Ah! do not, sweet volume, conceal
That L is the index to *Love*.

INGRATITUDE.

Malheureux l'homme qui n'a pas fait un ingrat!

HAPLESS the man! whose wayward fate has been,
Ne'er to have serv'd the pompous and the mean;
By gen'rous succour, secretly convey'd,
One thankless scoundrel never to have made!
O'er such a heart how feebly must have shone
The ray, which makes another's grief its own!

ON

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ON SEEING A NOTORIOUS CHARACTER IN DANGER OF BEING THROWN FROM HIS HORSE.

IF CLODIO fall, as CLODIO shou'd,
No consequence can follow;
For though his veins be full of blood,
His heart, we know, is hollow.

And as to that which holds his brain,
The texture is so callous,
That nothing e'er can give him pain,
Except the drop and gallows.

A LORD AND NOTHING MORE.

I KNOW that CLODIO is a lord;
But when his worth I scan,
How little does it all afford,
To dignify the man.

Then set not value on a thing
Which any fool may be;
Provided he can please a King,
And pay the herald's fee.

LINES

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LINES

WRITTEN DURING THE INDISPOSITION OF THE K—G, AND AFTER THE DECEASE OF MR. PITT.

THE K—G 's not well, the Minister is dead,
And half the country is in want of bread;
On whom shall BRITAIN in affliction rest
Her wand'ring senses, and her tortur'd breast?
From ev'ry side the voice of reason cries:
On those whose principles are good and wise;
Who own no party, but the common weal,
Who act like patriots, and like patriots feel.

THE DIFFERENCE

BETWEEN A MAN WHO GIVES A LOOSE TO HIS PASSIONS, AND THOSE WHO CHECK THEM.

YES, TOM has passions; so have we:
'Twixt him and us the case is this;
With all his passions *he* makes free,
And half the syrens *we* dismiss.

To Pride and Lust he yields full sway;
We bend to Reason's nobler pow'rs;
When Time shall make us weak and grey,
The better bargain must be ours.

CONSEQUENCE

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CONSEQUENCE

WHICH IS DERIVED FROM ANOTHER ONLY.

Mais je ne puis souffrir qu'un fat, dont la mollesse
N'a rien pour s'appuyer qu'une vaine noblesse,
Se pare insolemment du mérite d'autrui,
Et me vante un honneur qui ne vient pas de lui.

BOILEAU, Satyre X.

HAIL stupid grandeur! that in borrow'd plume
Can tread the Senate, and its time consume;
Though curs'd with all the foibles of mankind,
Diseas'd in body, and as foul in mind,
Admiring courtiers whisper as you pass:
He must be clever—for his father was!

THE OMNISCIENT YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Multum legendum est, non multa.

YOUNG FLIPPANT reads so many books,
And understands so few,
That, like some idle murm'ring brooks,
He 's loud and shallow too.

To ev'ry art he claims pretence;
Yet would his own despise!
And what he wants in skill and sense,
His impudence supplies.

THE

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THE MERE COURTIER,

OR HOW VERY FEW CAN BEAR THE LIGHT?

WHEN on the broad Meridian we behold
A blaze of glory! and a flood of gold!
To distant mortals certain spots appear,
Whose shadows vanish if observ'd too near.
Man's bounded vision, howsoever bright!
Melts into darkness through excessive light.
Thus hundreds, dazzled by the glare of things,
And seeing nothing but the pomp of kings,
With shaded intellects to courts repair,
Absorb'd and buried in each splendour there.
In vain does Reason whisper as they go:
" Ere Courts you visit, and ere Kings you know!
" Unaw'd by grandeur hear conviction cry:
" Like yonder orb that blazes in the sky!
" The borrow'd splendours of the great appear,
" And kings look spotless to each eye that's near.
" Yet know that kings, though plac'd above mankind,
" If low in conduct, and if base in mind,
" In spite of all that courts, and courtiers see,
" To God's last image must inferiour be."
Though kings may govern—wisely if they can—
The strength of government still lies in Man.
There pow'r resides, when reason's on its side,
And, void of reason, what is pomp, or pride?
A gaudy phantom, like Hesperia's lord,*
One day respected, and the next abhorr'd!

* Alluding to the late Revolution in Spain.

TOO

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TOO FOND BY HALF.

TO CLARISSA.

Si l'Amour porte des ailes,
N'est ce pas pour voltiger?—BEAUMARCHAIS.

OF all the strange embarrassments in life,
Too fond a mistress! or too fond a wife
Is sure the greatest—restless in their love,
Ten thousand jealousies their bosoms move.
If cares invade the object they admire,
Or even ecstacies, a-while, should tire;
The strangest motives to each look are giv'n,
And Hell's created where there might be Heav'n.
Then by that form, to which I bend the knee,
And by this heart which never stray'd from thee!
Forbear, CLARISSA, to have doubts of one
Whose soul is rivetted to thine alone.
Let not Suspicion, tyrant of the breast,
And sure destroyer of all peace and rest!
One moment trespass on those tender hours,
Which love first lent, and sympathy makes ours.
When dark Suspicion, full of mean deceit,
Of gen'rous confidence once takes the seat,
Farewell the noblest feelings of mankind!
Love quits the heart, and friendship leaves the mind.
Our purest actions, in the jaundic'd light
Of mean suspicion, turn to gall and spite.

In

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In vain does conscience whisper from within:
" I am not guilty, and I did not sin!"
Still from the wing of prejudice descend
Doubts, which destroy the Lover and the Friend.

KNOW THYSELF.

WHEN CRŒSUS asks, in terms uncouth,
How others into notice grew?
He little thinks, with equal truth,
That *how* HE rose is question'd too!

THE PASSPORT;

WHICH BEAUTY AND GOOD SENSE ONLY CAN BESTOW.

TO Immortality, sweet ANNA says
The Muse may reach! if so, 'tis ANNA'S praise,
And ANNA'S judgment which must lend her wings;
On those she rises, and by those she sings.
Those eyes will light me into times unknown,
Whose ev'ry look 's a Passport to renown;
By hundreds courted, and by all admir'd,
What Muse can see thee, and not feel inspir'd?

THE END.

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POSTSCRIPT.

To say that I am indifferent about the reception of these volumes, would be a direct violation of the truth, and a contradiction to my feelings; it would be equally so, were I to express any particular solicitude concerning their fate.

It has been very justly remarked, that every thing in human nature will, more or less, find its level; and however humbly I may be induced to think of these productions, when compared with those of other writers, I am selfish enough to imagine, that their subject-matter will not be wholly uninteresting.

In addition, therefore, to what I have generally observed in the Preface, I think it necessary to mention, that among the Miscellaneous Poems, many have been the extemporaneous effusions of fancy, and almost all the unstudied transcripts from observations made in real life. These, of course, will be entitled to some indulgence; and when in regard to the whole collection, I can honestly assert with our inimitable didactic poet, *I left no calling for this idle trade*, I hope I may be permitted to think, that my leisure hours have not been foolishly employed.

Of

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Of the ornamental parts I (mean the engravings) I must honestly acknowledge, that considering the improved state of the arts, I might have afforded better specimens. But when I add, that all the plates—those of PETRARCH and of the AUTHOR excepted—were executed some years ago, this avowal will be considered with equal candour. The representation of *Suicide Rejected* was taken from a real object; and several persons are now in existence, who may probably recollect the melancholy catastrophe which attended an English gentleman who shot himself at an Hotel in Paris, in 1787. The Author was in the house when the deed was perpetrated, and saw the remains of his unfortunate countryman. This circumstance will account for the unfashionable garb in which he is exhibited. Of the leading portrait it is fair to observe, that its appearance in the title-page does not proceed from any vanity of my own, but from some extraordinary calumnies to which I have been most wantonly and wickedly exposed.

Idem si clamet furem, neget esse pudicum,
Contendat laqueo collum pressisse paternum;
Mordear opprobriis falsis, mutemque colores?
HORACE.

LONDON,
10*th May*, 1808. CHARLES JAMES.

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